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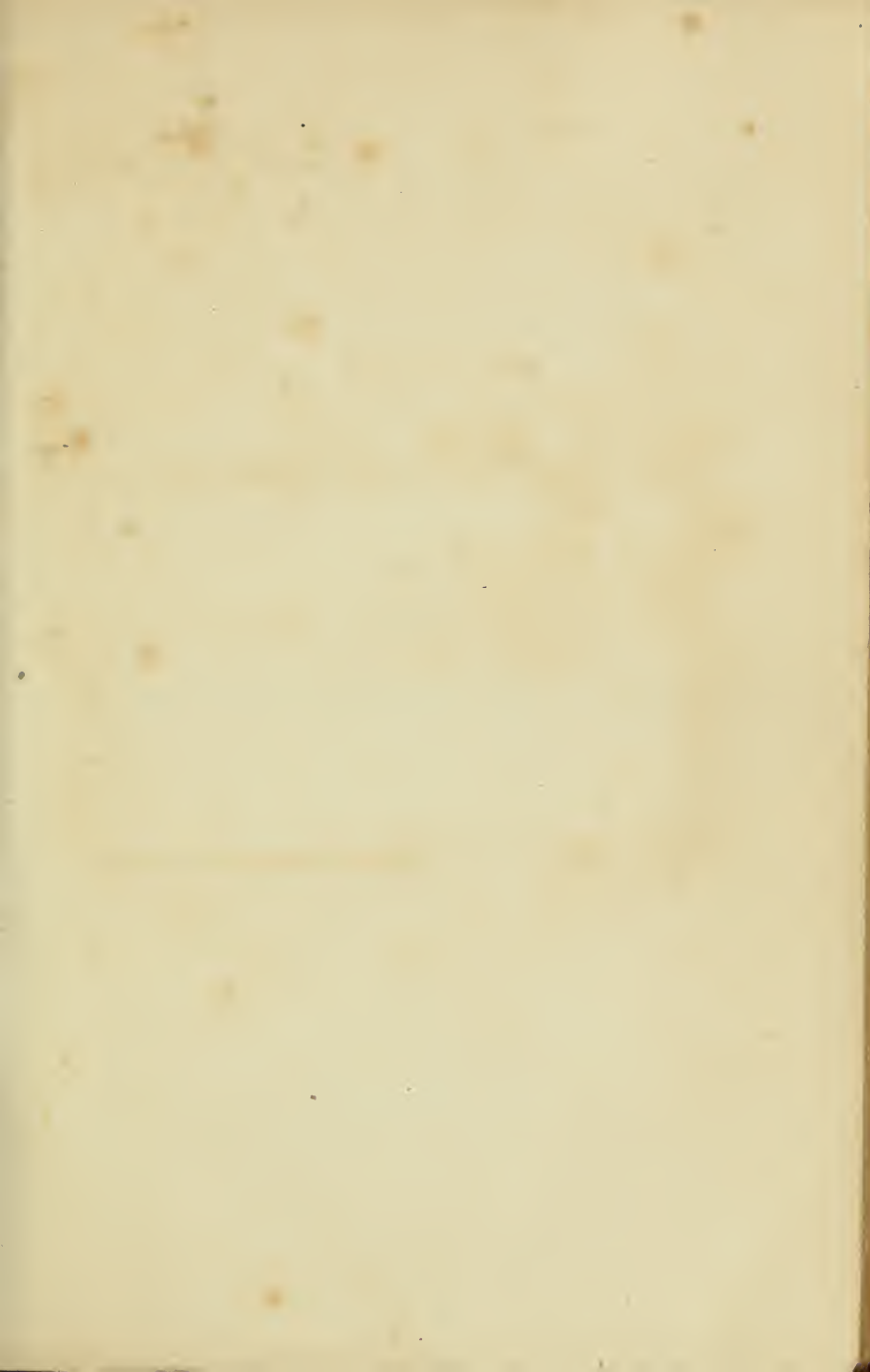
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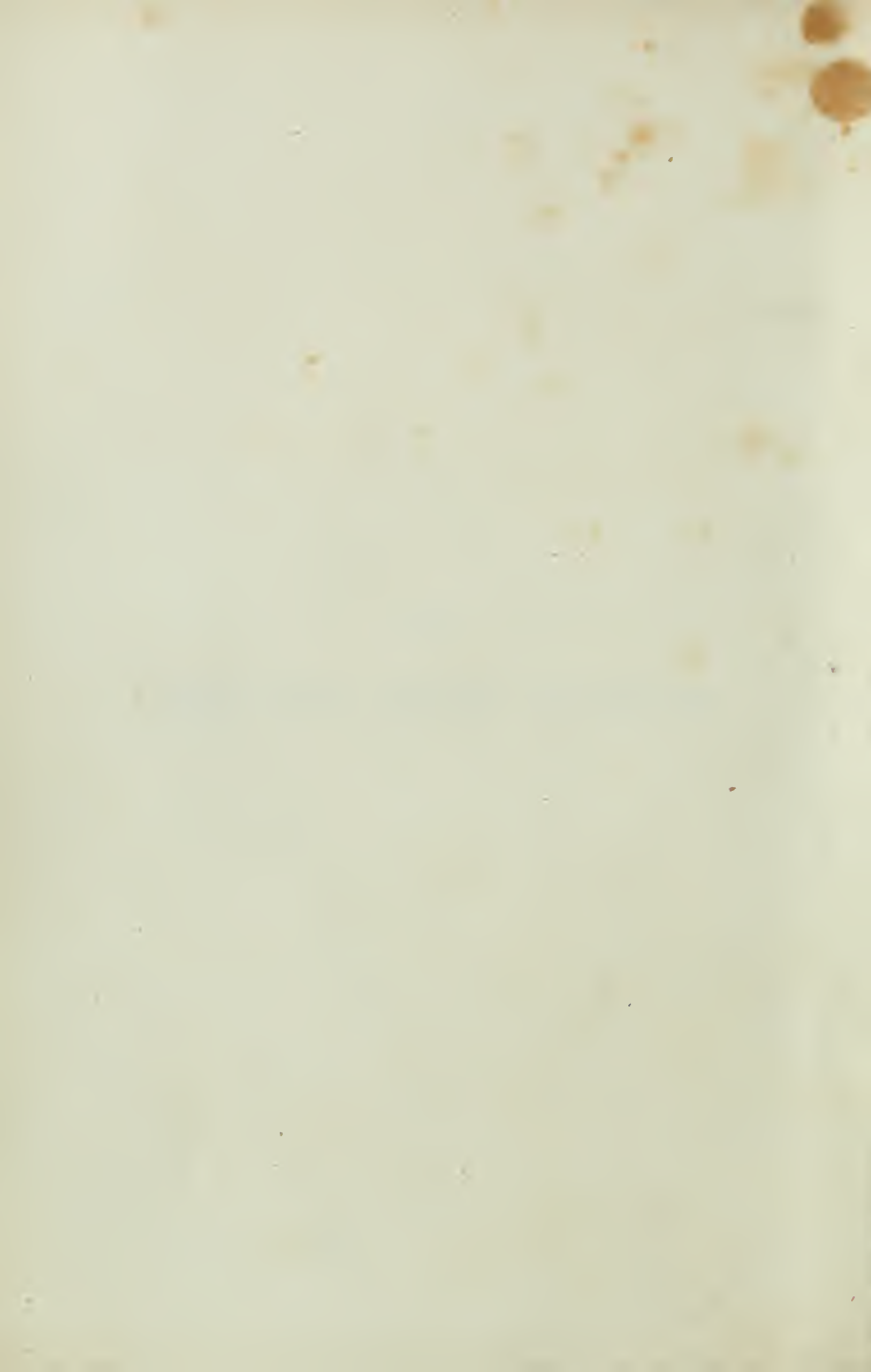






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THE  
RAINBOW AROUND THE TOMB.



THE  
RAINBOW AROUND THE TOMB;

OR,

RAYS OF HOPE

FOR

THOSE WHO MOURN.

BY EMILY THORNWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "THE LADY'S GUIDE TO PERFECT GENTILITY," "YOUNG LADY'S  
OWN BOOK," ETC., ETC.

'What a world were this,  
How unendurable it's weight, if they  
Whom Death hath sunder'd did not MEET AGAIN!"

SOUTHEY.



NEW YORK:  
DERBY & JACKSON, 119 NASSAU STREET,  
CINCINNATI:—H. W. DERBY & CO.  
1857.

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TO

EVERY HEART MADE SAD BY THE LOSS OF THOSE WHOSE FORMS HAVE PASSED THE  
SILENT PORTALS OF DEATH'S SHADOWY VALLEY—HEALTH, CONSOLATION,  
AND THAT JOY—THE HOPE OF IMMORTAL LIFE—WHICH PASSETH  
THE PEACE OF EARTH:

To this end, beloved reader, I have, in the kindred sympathy of sorrowing bereavement, gathered together these words of love and cheer, in the hope that, among them may perchance be found that balm which shall bring soothing to the troubled bosom, filling it with all fullness of trust in the perfection of Divine Beneficence, and thus preparing it to join its waiting companions, in that land of bliss, beauty and goodness, where

— “everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers,”—

and where “their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.”

EMILY THORNWELL.



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## IN MEMORIAM.

SINCE this volume went to press, the hand which so carefully gathered these memorials of sorrow, has ceased from labor.

It is well that a book like this, bringing RAYS OF HOPE TO THOSE WHO MOURN, should be the last offering of one whose life was simple, and lovely, and perishable as a blade of grass.

CLINTON PLACE, 1856.

**DEATH**

IN THE

SPRING-TIME OF INNOCENCE.



## THE RAINBOW AROUND THE TOMB.



### P r e m .

“ Let them die,  
Let them die now, thy children ! so thy heart  
Shall wear their beautiful image all undimmed,  
Within it to the last.”

MRS. HEMANS.

NEVER do our mortal eyes  
Rest upon a thing so fair,  
As the infant form that lies  
Cradled by a mother's care ;  
Every feature, every limb,  
Fashioned by supernal skill,  
Speaks the love and power of Him,  
Who with life all worlds doth fill.  
Sweetly innocent it seems,  
Lying in its soft repose,  
Now it smileth in its dreams,  
Now its eyelids half unclose :

There is light upon its brow—  
Are the angels bending near?  
Do they whisper to it now,  
Words the earth-stained may not hear?  
Wakened by some passing sound,  
With what earnest, wishful glance  
It inquireth all around  
For the bright ones of its trance,  
Till it meets the mother's eye,  
Where love's holiest feelings swell,  
Then it feels the angels nigh—  
Sees the Eden where they dwell.  
In a mother's heart alone  
Lives that pure, unselfish love,  
Which to only God is known,  
Nor doth tire, or chill, or rove.  
Else of earthly love may change,  
With the fickle human heart—  
*This* sweet bond, so strong, so strange,  
Only Death can cleave apart.

DEATH! the angel whose dark wings  
Cast a shade where'er we go,  
Ever when the Syren sings,  
Wailing augury of woe:  
Death! who stands within the porch



Where the silent shadows wait,  
 Pointing, with inverted torch,  
 To the spectre-haunted gate,  
 Where poor nature shuddering stands,  
 Hoping, doubting, pale with fear,  
 Since from those mysterious lands,  
 Form, nor voice, returneth here :  
 Cold, indefinite, and vast,  
 Peopled with all sounds of woe,  
 Lie the realms where, all aghast,  
 Oft we think our dear ones go !  
 Weep we sore for that which dies,—  
 Yet the dead are chiefly blest,  
 Since beyond death's portal lies  
 God's own paradise of rest.  
 So, though weary—filled with pain,  
 Baffled in the world's fierce strife,  
 Do death's terrors, false, and vain,  
 Fright us from the Gate of Life.  
 But the infant, all untaught  
 In the dreariness of fear,—  
 Crimeless, passive, feareth naught  
 When death's angel draweth near.  
 Though we see it waste and fade—  
 Though we hear its last-drawn breath—  
 Though its little grave be made—  
 Yet it hath not tasted death.

Sin, remorse, and bitter shame,  
    These are death—and these alone  
Point the dart and light the flame ;  
    These the infant hath not known.  
Therefore at the shadowy gate,  
    No affrighting spectre stands,  
But, around its threshold, wait  
    Loveliest of the seraph bands.  
Pure from every guilty stain,  
    Ne'er by human wrong oppressed,  
Free from every snare and pain,  
    It hath found eternal rest.  
Tenderly some holy one  
    Led it to its bright abode,  
Where the innocent, alone,  
    See the glorious face of God.

BUT the mother ! from whose heart  
    This sweet thing of love is riven,  
Feels her all of joy depart—  
    This one angel made her heaven :  
And her soul was like the spring,  
    Wreathed with loveliest buds and flowers,  
And the birds of golden wing  
    Carolled through the beauteous bowers.

Now the flowers of love are dead ;  
Pale and drooped the bright buds lie ;  
Hope's sweet warblers all are fled—  
Hark ! a mother's plaintive cry !  
God, whose work is ne'er in vain,  
Life to that sweet child did give,  
That, untouched by mortal stain,  
It might dwell with him, and LIVE.  
Trust him. Bow thee, and be still :  
What could human love bestow,  
Working with its utmost will,  
Like the bliss it shareth now.  
Thou may'st yet, when storms arise,  
Joy that this thy bud of hope,  
Passed away to brighter skies,  
With its heart leaves folded up.

BALMY be the tears that flow  
O'er the infant's flower-fringed bed !  
Bitter drops of weary woe  
For the erring child are shed.  
'Little children, come to me,'  
Jesus said, when here below :  
UNTO JESUS, cheerfully,  
Let the little children go !

ROSALIE BELL.

*An Angel for Heaven.*

ANONYMOUS.

AND so death closed those little eyes—shrouded those bright glances. Oh, that the sun would not come streaming in on his wasted form, as if there were no grief in the world !

How sweetly he sleeps, that precious little angel ! How lightly curl the flaxen locks upon his white forehead ! You could weep your very soul away to think those cherub lips will never uncloset—never again be heard to utter, in soft and sweet tones, the name of father, mother, brother, or sister ! Vainly you clasp and unclasp that passive, darling hand, that wandered so often over your cheek. Vainly your anguished glance strives to read the dim story of love in those faded orbs. The voice, sweet as zephyrs breathing through wreathed shells, slumbers for ever.

And still the busy world knocks at your door, and will let you have no peace. It shouts in your ear ; its chariots rumble by ; it smiles broadly in your care-worn face ; it mocks you as you gaze on the attenuated and loved body ;

it meets you at the coffin—at the grave; and its heavy footsteps tramp up and down in the empty rooms from whence you have borne your dead. But it comes never in the hush of night, to wipe away your tears.

Your loved, your idolized boy is in heaven! Can you look up? Can you bear the splendor of that sight? Ten thousand celestial beings, and your own radiant child-angel in their midst!

“In his eyes a glory light,  
On his brow a glory crown.”

Oh! cling not too closely to your beautiful treasures,  
children of earth!

*The Upper Choir.*

CAROLINE MAY.

O LIFE, how chequer'd and how shady,  
Are e'en thy paths of purest joy !  
I saw a pale and low-voiced lady  
Clad in deep mourning for her boy.  
Her grief was quiet, deep and tearless,  
But her white cheek and whisper fain  
Told her heart's void, so blank and cheerless,  
Better than tears or loud complaint.

And "ah," she said, "he was so beautiful,  
With his clear eyes and snowy brow ;  
So frank and loving, and so dutiful,  
His will to mine would ever bow .  
With glad obedience, quick and ready ;  
Raising his bright and searching glance,  
He read, with insight sure and steady,  
My wishes in my countenance.



So fond of music and of singing—  
Alone, with no one by to hear  
His childish voice was ever ringing  
With some sweet hymn of pleasant cheer.  
He loved his minister most truly,  
And he, too, dearly loved my boy,  
Who every morn and evening duly,  
Came up to church with reverend joy.  
His place was right before the altar,  
Among a glad young company,  
Whose well-trained voices did not falter  
In chanted psalm or melody.  
I missed him there one Sabbath morning—  
I could not see that happy face,  
(Whose beauty was like Spring's fair dawning)  
Beaming in its accustomed place :  
And through the service and the singing  
I wondered where my boy could be ;  
My every thought, alas ! seemed clinging  
To him with wild idolatry.  
And oh ! I sighed, if Death should ever  
Snatch from my heart that precious one :  
How could I live ? with what endeavor  
Bear up beneath life's darkened sun ?  
Just then he bounded past before me  
With glowing cheeks, and smile so bright,  
And eyes whose gladness kindled o'er me

An answering flame of pure delight.  
“Up by the organ I’ve been sitting,  
It was our minister’s desire ;  
For, mother dear, he says I’m fitting  
To sing among the upper choir.”  
“The upper choir !” I echoed faintly,  
Thrilled with a sudden thrust of pain,  
While on his brow so fair and saintly,  
I read another meaning plain :  
*The upper choir !* It seemed a warning,  
A knell that rang with solemn dread ;  
And it was true,—for from that morning  
But two weeks passed, and he was dead.

And now, although a mother only  
Could fathom all the hidden deeps  
That lie within my bosom lonely,  
Where brooding memory never sleeps,  
Yet still the pang that thrills within me  
When missing his beloved voice,  
Is hushed and soothed by hopes that win me,  
E’en in my sorrow, to rejoice.  
And those brief words of eager pleasure  
My darling spoke that Sabbath morn,  
Are running over with full measure  
Of comfort to my heart forlorn.

Christ, the dear Minister, who standeth  
In His great majesty of love,  
At God's right hand, and aye commandeth  
The church below and church above :  
Christ loved my child, and saw him fitted  
For worship holier and higher—  
Christ called him, and he gladly quitted  
The lower for the Upper Choir.

The Lost Jewel

ANONYMOUS.

JESUS to my earthly keeping  
Once a jewel kindly gave,  
But my joy was turned to weeping,  
For I lost it in the grave.

Mourning for my vanished treasure,  
Then I heard the Saviour say—  
“Cease to sorrow, for my pleasure  
I have borne thy gem away.

“Is thy spirit filled with anguish?  
Is thine eye with weeping dim?  
Cease, oh Mother! thus to languish,  
Cease, for I had *need* of him.

“Purer than the dews of morning,  
Brighter than the stars of night,  
See thy gem my crown adorning  
In a world of Heavenly light.

“There, in loveliness unfading,  
Shines the jewel lost by thee,  
Not a stain of sorrow shading,  
Beauty purified by me.

“Let thy faith and love be stronger,  
Though the tide of grief o’erwhelm ;  
Thou must wait a little longer,  
Ere I give thee back thy gem.

“Where the flowers of Eden blossom,  
Where no tears of grief are known,  
I will place it on thy bosom,  
Thou shalt wear it near my throne.”

“O my soul ! forbear thy weeping,  
Lay thy weight of sorrow down,  
Leave thy gem in Jesus’ keeping,  
Lend it to adorn His crown.

Meekly let me journey thither,  
Where the loved has gone before ;  
Christ will whisper, " Come up hither,  
I will never part thee more."

## Babie Bell.

THE POEM OF A LITTLE LIFE THAT WAS BUT THREE APRILS LONG.

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

HAVE you not heard the poet tell  
How came the dainty Babie Bell  
    Into this world of ours?  
The Gates of Heaven were left ajar!  
    With folded hands and dreamy eyes,  
    Wandering out of Paradise,  
She saw this planet, like a star,  
    Hung in the purple depths of even—  
Its bridges, running to and fro,  
O'er which the white winged Angels go,  
    Bearing the holy Dead to Heaven!  
She touched a bridge of flowers—those feet,  
So light they did not bend the bells  
Of the celestial asphodels!  
They fell like dew upon the flowers!  
    And all the air grew strangely sweet!

And thus came dainty Babie Bell  
Into this world of ours !

She came and brought delicious May !  
The swallows built beneath the eaves ;  
Like sun-light in and out the leaves,  
The robins went, the live-long day ;  
The lily swung its noiseless bell,  
And o'er the porch the trembling vine  
Seemed bursting with its veins of wine !—  
Oh, earth was full of pleasant smell,  
When came the dainty Babie Bell  
Into this world of ours !

O Babie, dainty Babie Bell !  
How fair she grew from day to day !  
What woman-nature filled her eyes,  
What poetry within them lay !  
Those deep and tender twilight eyes,  
So full of meaning, pure and bright  
As if she yet stood in the light  
Of those oped gates of Paradise !  
And we loved Babie more and more :  
O never in our hearts before



Such holy love was born ;  
We felt we had a link between  
This real world and that unseen—  
The land beyond the morn !  
And for the love of those dear eyes,  
For love of her whom God led forth—  
The mother's being ceased on earth  
When Babie came from Paradise !—  
For love of him who smote our lives,  
And woke the chords of joy and pain,  
We said, " Sweet Christ !"—our hearts bent down  
Like violets after rain !

And now the orchards which were once  
All white and rosy in their bloom—  
Filling the crystal veins of air  
With gentle pulses of perfume—  
Were rich in Autumn's mellow prime :  
The plums were globes of honeyed wine—  
The hived sweets of summer time !—  
The ivory chestnut burst its shell :  
The soft-cheeked peaches blusht and fell !  
The grapes were purpling in the grange,  
And time wrought just as rich a change  
In little Babie Bell !

Her tiny form more perfect grew,  
And in her features we could trace,  
In softened curves, her mother's face—  
Her angel nature ripened too.  
We thought her lovely when she came,  
But she was holy, saintly now . . . .  
Around her pale, angelic brow  
We saw a slender ring of flame !

God's hand had taken away the seal  
Which held the portals of her speech !  
And oft she said a few strange words  
Whose meaning lay beyond our reach.  
She never was a child to us,  
We never held her being's key !  
We could not teach her holy things :  
She was Christ's self in purity !

It came upon us by degrees ;  
We saw its shadow ere it fell,  
The knowledge that our God had sent  
His messenger for Babie Bell !  
We shuddered with unlanguage'd pain,  
And all our hopes were changed to fears,  
And all our thoughts ran into tears  
Like sunshine into dismal rain !

Aloud we cried in our belief:—  
“O, smite us gently, gently, God!  
Teach us to bend and kiss the rod,  
And perfect grow through grief!”  
Ah, how we loved her, God can tell;  
Her little heart was cased in ours!  
Our hearts are broken, Babie Bell!

At last he came, the messenger,  
The messenger from unseen lands:  
And what did dainty Babie Bell?  
She only crossed her little hands!  
She only looked more meek and fair!  
We parted back her silken hair;  
We laid some buds upon her brow—  
White buds, like scented flakes of snow—  
Death's bride arrayed in flowers!  
And thus went dainty Babie Bell  
Out of this world of ours!

*The Cross of Suffering.*

ANONYMOUS.

How many there are, in this beautiful world, who are called to bear the "cross of suffering," numbered among earth's afflicted ones, yet we doubt not as much fulfilling their Master's will as those blest with health; so meek, patient and cheerful are they, with wills scarcely less blended into that of the Infinite than the angels above. Angels they seem to us, we can hardly realize at times, that they are of the earth, earthy. Blessed visitants from heaven, to soothe, calm, and allure our harsher spirits to the melodies of angels.

Such a one was Alice Warren—a sweet, blue-eyed darling, whose lot had been lameness from infancy. Her golden ringlets fell over a neck and brow of snow; and when excitement had mantled her usually pale cheeks, as she wheeled herself in her chair, to tell "mamma" of some sweet incident of bird or flower, there could not be found a lovelier child.

But little Alice was very lame. She could not run about

and play with her merry troop of brothers and sisters, but would sit silently and watch them at their sports, until they grew tired and came to hear "Ally" talk.

Alice was the oldest in years, and from being incapacitated for household employments, was far older in intelligence. Whenever one of the little band was in a query as to the right or wrong of anything, "Ally" must always be consulted. Then, too, no one could assist them out of their difficulties in books, or work, or play, so well as "Ally." Yet Alice never attended school, and how she contrived to "know so much," as children would say, with the instruction her father found time to impart, was a wonder to all.

Mr. Warren's father resided with him, and he used often to take Alice in his arms, and interest her with "Bible tales." There was nothing Alice prized so highly as this privilege, but next to it she ranked the privilege of holding her little Testament at morning devotions. At length, when Alice was no more than five years old, her grandfather died. On the morning after his death, as the family assembled in the breakfast-room, little Alice looked beseechingly at her father, and said softly, "Papa, who will read now grandpa is dead?" The Bible was brought and its reading attended to thenceforward as formerly, though Mr. W. was not a Christian by profession.

Time flew by, but brought no alleviation of suffering. Her brothers and sisters would tell of their pleasant walks

and sports, and wish "Ally" could join them. "It is too bad you are lame, 'Ally,'" they would say. But Alice gently hushed the little chatterers, and drawing them to her side, would tell them, "It is all right, for 'God is love.'" This seemed to be a favorite expression of hers; and often, when suffering pain, which increased with her years, she would say, "Mamma, it is all right, for 'God is love,' though he does send me pain."

Alice loved flowers, and took great delight in rearing them. But the "Great Reaper" loveth flowers, too, and gathers the choicest for his garland.

She was now ten years of age, and all through the past winter she had been gradually failing; and when spring came, with its buds and flowers, they would take her in their arms and carry her out to behold its beauty. She would gaze long and earnestly, and at length would nestle her head in her father's bosom, and ask gently, "Papa, is not God love?" The father's heart was stricken within him; faintly he answered, "Yes."

By-and-by she was confined to her bed; and then, one bright spring morning we were called to her chamber. Her blue eye was raised—her tiny hands clasped as if in prayer, but no sound broke the stillness. Her mother laid a garland of fresh flowers on the pillow; she started, looked eagerly around, and gasped as she said confidently, "Papa—mamma—'God is love.'" "Yes, truly," responded the parents, as they knelt by her bedside. The wish of her

heart seemed gratified, and, smiling sweetly, she sunk into an easy slumber, from which she waked no more.

“My children,” said the father, “let us pray to the ‘God who is love;’” and kneeling, he thanked God for sending him an angel to win his heart to Heaven.

*The Infant's Death.*

ANNE C. LYNCH.

WHY should we weep for thee,  
Since thou hast gone, unsullied back to Heaven?  
No stain on thy young spirit's purity,  
No sin to be forgiven!

Love watched thee from thy birth,  
Fond hearts around thee tireless vigils kept,  
And o'er thy tender soul the storm of earth  
Had never rudely swept.

Thou'rt spared a fearful lore,  
A knowledge all obtain who linger here;  
The changed—the cold—the dead—were words  
that bore  
No import to thine ear.



Methought I saw in thee,  
Thus early, as I marked, by many a token,  
A soul that might not war with Destiny,  
A heart that could be broken.

But sinless, tearless gone,  
Undimmed unstained, who would not thus have  
died !  
For thee, then, let these vain regrets be done,  
These selfish tears be dried.

Go to thy little bed !  
The verdant turf is springing fresh and fair,  
The flowers thou lov'st shall blossom o'er thy head  
The spring birds warble there.

And while to shapeless dust  
Thy cherub form is gently mould'ring back,  
Our thoughts shall upward soar in hopeful trust,  
On thy freed spirit's track.

*The Child's Death and Burial.*

R. M. DEVENS.

How still is all around the hearth,  
Once so cheerful and so gay,  
Which else than prattling song and mirth  
Knew naught but yesterday.

A mother's saddened mien and brow,  
And heaving bosom, tell—  
Alas! with truth too potent,  
How doth inward sorrow dwell.

And there in cold and silent state,  
With snow-white shroud entwined  
The little darling, but so late  
A mother's joy, we find!

No more his infant footsteps greet  
A loving parent's ear ;  
But—mother, father, friends, do meet  
Around the mournful bier.

With aching hearts and careful tread,  
And anguish keen to bear,  
The little infant, cold and dead,  
Is borne—a crown to wear !

Yes, Lord ! from Thee the promise came,  
To all who bear no sin,  
Of glory and a glorious name,  
With saint and cherubim.

And thou hast said that “such as these”  
Thy face in heaven shall see ;  
Of heaven's bright realms hast Thou the keys,  
And of Eternity.

*Flowers for the Heart.*

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

FLOWERS ! winter flowers !—the child is dead,  
The mother cannot speak :  
Oh softly couch his little head,  
Or Mary's heart will break !  
Amid those curls of flaxen hair  
This pale pink ribbon twine,  
And on the little bosom there  
Place this wan lock of mine.  
How like a form in cold white stone,  
The coffin'd infant lies !  
Look, mother, on thy little one,  
And tears will fill thine eyes !  
She cannot weep—more faint she grows,  
More deadly pale and still—  
Flowers ! oh, a flower, a winter rose,  
That tiny hand to fill !  
Go, search the fields ! the lichen wet  
Bends o'er the unfailing well ;

Beneath the furrow lingers yet  
The scarlet pimpernel.  
Peeps not a snow-drop in the bower,  
Where never froze the spring?  
A daisy? Ah! bring childhood's flower!  
The half-blown daisy bring!  
Yes, lay the daisy's little head  
Beside the little cheek;  
Oh haste! the last of five is dead!  
The children cannot speak!

*The Shadow on the Hearth.*

ANONYMOUS.

THE death of a child ! Oh what a dark shadow it casts upon the hearth around which our hopes and affections centre ! The world heeds it not ; the wheels of business move on without a pause ; the surges of active life hurry by without an ebb, and the sun shines brightly as ever. Yet there are desolate hearts which feel as though a pall of night were upon them ; and stricken parents, who, though seated by their fireside, and with loved ones still around them, miss evermore one bright and sunny face, and think of a little grave on which their tears have fallen, and where the storm beats, and the sun shines, and the flowers blossom and fade.

The child is dead ! What hours of care and painful anxiety, and vigils, and prayers, and hopes, and fears, are contained in that brief sentence ! A little illness scarcely noticed, and then the flush of fever, and then alarming tokens of disease, and sad and fearful misgivings, and dark and gloomy forebodings ; and then the sinking of the heart

as hope gives way to the terrible certainty that the child must die. They feel that it must be so ; yet scarcely dare whisper it to each other. There they stand by that bedside, looking with bursting hearts upon the sufferings of their little one, which no human skill can relieve. Will he not speak to them again ? not one parting word—not another sound from those pale lips whose infant prattle made music to their hearts ? Ah never, never more ! The film of death is on those eyes, so beautiful and bright. There is a convulsive shudder, a plaintive moan that can never be forgotten, and all is over. Deep and dark lies the shadow upon the hearth.

The child is dead ! God pity the stricken mourners. None but they who have a child in the grave can tell the full measure of their grief. Let them fold his tiny hands upon his breast, and place sweet flowers there, too soon to wither in the tomb ; and softly enter the darkened chamber where he lies in his hushed repose, and look into his little coffin ; and smooth back his hair, and kiss again and again his cold and marble-like forehead. It is all that affection can do. He heeds it not. Let them stand by his grave, and water it with their tears, and see him let down into his last resting-place, and buried from their sight. Let them return to their home, and find the shadow still there, resting upon his vacant cot, upon his toys, upon the clothes he wore, upon his seat at the table and the fireside.

The child is dead! They feel it now. And yet what light and joy shine even amid those shadows that have gathered around them! What abundant springs of consolation are welling forth from the sacred oracles of God, for those who weep for their children "because they are not!" How every murmuring thought is quieted in the blest assurance that the Lord hath done it! He has acted as a wise and holy sovereign, and his people love to say, "the Lord reigns, blessed be his holy name." He gave and he has taken away. He directs the fall of a sparrow, and oh, surely then, he orders the sad event that tears from the bleeding hearts of his children the little ones that they love! Nor can they doubt that the stroke which chastens them was sent in love. It indeed placed them in the furnace, but there God chooses his children; there he refines and purifies them. And can they complain of a process that fits them the better to serve their heavenly Father, that weans them from earth, that leads them to hate sin, to think more of heaven, to have sympathy with its inhabitants, and to long for its blessed rest?

And it is well with the child. All that was most precious still lives. He is not dead. He has fallen asleep in Jesus. Angels have borne him upward to the presence of Him who blessed little children, and said, "of such is the kingdom of heaven." One of their little flock is safe. They need have no fears for him. He is beyond the reach of sin, and sorrow, and death. Was not that love indeed,



which took him thus young, and folded him to his Saviour's bosom, and wiped away his tears, and sheltered him evermore from all the rude storms of life, and placed a harp in his hand, and taught him the music of heaven.

“He is not dead—the child of our affection—  
But gone unto that school  
Where he no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.  
In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
He lives, whom we call dead.”

Oh! it is well with the child. Blessed be God for the light that shines upon little graves, where so often tears are falling, and which are daily opening to receive some new treasure, torn from aching and sorrowing hearts. In the sweet promises of the Gospel, the shadows flee away, and the clouds that hung gloomily and heavily over our path are all tinged with glory. Oh wondrous Gospel, that meets the mourner at the grave, and re-echoes in his heart the words, “I am the resurrection and the life,” and bids him anticipate the re-union of the spirit with the body now mouldering to dust; that follows him to his desolate hearth and sheds its light and its promises around him; that chases the sorrow from his mind and removes the burthen from his heart; that bids him look up, through his tears,

with a smile of hope and joy, and with a chastened spirit  
bless God for the grace and love that enable him, calmly  
and cheerfully, evermore to look at that shadow on the  
hearth !

## TO A ROSEBUD.

J. H. CLINCH.

EMBLEM of early life's unfolding hopes,  
The rosebud flings its fragrance on the day,  
Where sweep the sunbeams down the grassy slopes,  
Or where the passing cloud's dark shadows play.

And such is life, in thoughtful wisdom's sight,  
Thus many a human rosebud opes its bloom,  
Sleeping to-day in sunbeams and in light,  
To-morrow wrapped in shadows and in gloom.

Yet is the emblem only partly true ;  
For when the frost, the tempest or the rain,  
Has swept the cherished flow'ret from our view,  
We mourn for that which cannot live again.

But when our human rosebuds waste away,  
We know that death must yet his prize release;  
These faded flowers shall see an endless day  
In God's own paradise of bliss and peace.

Checked be the tear, then, o'er those little graves  
Where Love beside its buried treasure weeps;  
Her rainbow banner—Hope—above them waves,  
And smiling, says, "It is not dead, but sleeps!"

To a Dead Child.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

CHILD of a day, thou knowest not  
The tears that overflow thy urn,  
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,  
Nor, if thou knowest, couldst return !

And why the wish ? the pure and blest  
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep ;  
O peaceful night ! O envied rest !  
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

*The Bitter Night and the Better Land.*

H. W. ROCKWELL.

ALL night we stood beside his bed,  
All night, with broken sighs,  
We sadly turned his aching head,  
And wished the morn would rise.

His little hands, so thin and pale,  
His eyes, half closed with pain ;  
Without, the wailing autumn gale,  
And cold November rain,

The great trees rocking in the blast :  
Ah ! soon it all was o'er ;  
The little heart that beat so fast  
Could beat for us no more.

For ere the morn its beams had lent,  
    Upon his little hand  
He laid his cheek, and softly went  
    Into the better land.

## C o n s o l a t i o n .

J. H. CLINCH.

THE Christian sage in days gone by,  
    Stood where his dying infant lay,  
And marked, with sad but tearless eye,  
    His beauty fade away.

“Dost thou not weep,” one near him said,  
    “ That these young sands so swiftly run ?  
Dost thou not mourn the hour of dread  
    Which robs thee of thy son ?”

“ Why should I weep,” the sage replies  
    “ God’s wiser will and better plan,  
That he, an *angel* soon to rise,  
    Could not become a *man* ?”



"Is it well with the Child?"

AND SHE ANSWERED,

"IT IS WELL."

E. W. B. CANNING.

YES it is well ! though ne'er again on earth  
His gentle prattle and his laugh shall ring ;  
Though nevermore around the household hearth  
Shall his dear footsteps light and comfort bring.

'Tis well ! though now beneath death's dark eclipse,  
His joyous eye hath closed to ope no more ;  
Though Silence' lasting seal is on his lips,  
And marble is the cheek so soft before.

'Tis well ! though thousand are the memories  
From toys still voiceful of his childish play ;

And 'mid the household tones ye'll hear not his. 54  
At morn, or noontide, or declining day.

'Tis well ! for his sweet presence was a loan,  
Like sunbeam on our pathway kindly given ;  
The blessed Giver hath but claimed his own ;  
The earliest dead the soonest live in heaven.

'Tis well ! for now the " better land " appears  
Nearer and dearer, which the loved hath won ;  
There Faith beholds him through her rising tears,  
Beckoning with cherub hand his mourners on.

*Death of a New-born Infant.*

FROM THE DUTCH.

A HOST of angels flying  
Through cloudless skies impelled,  
Upon the earth beheld  
A pearl of beauty lying,  
Worthy to glitter bright  
In heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw with glances tender,  
An infant newly born,  
O'er whom life's earliest morn  
Just cast its opening splendor :  
Virtue it could not know,  
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion  
Greeted its birth above,  
And came with looks of love,

From heaven's enchanting region ;  
    Bending their winged way  
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,  
    That little pearl which shone  
    With lustre all its own ;  
And then on high they bore it,  
    Where glory has its birth ;  
    But left the shell on earth.

“He is Dead: wherefore should I Fast.”

BIBLE.

“AND it came to pass on the seventh day that the child died. And the servants of David feared to tell him that the child was dead: for they said, Behold while the child was yet alive we spake unto him, and he would not hearken unto our voice; how will he then vex himself if we tell him that the child is dead? But when David saw that his servants whispered, David perceived that the child was dead; therefore David said unto his servants, Is the child dead? And they said, He is dead. Then David arose from the earth, and washed, and anointed himself, and changed his apparel, and came unto the house of the Lord, and worshipped: then he came to his own house; and when he required, they set bread before him, and he did eat. Then said his servants unto him, What thing is this that thou hast done? thou didst fast and weep for the child while it was alive; but when the child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread. And he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live? But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

Our Baby's Grave.

HELEN BRUCE.

UNDERNEATH no marble stone,  
In no churchyard drear,  
Sleeps our little ransomed one,  
Baby EVA dear—  
But beneath a garden bed  
Peaceful lies our darling's head.

Waving meadows, green and fair,  
Stretching far away,  
Pleasant odors on the air,  
Floating all the day,  
Make that grave a cheerful spot ;  
Clouds and gloom surround it not.

Near an orchard large and wide,  
White with fragrant bloom,

Made we when our baby died,  
    Baby's narrow home.  
Now the blossoms white and red,  
Cover baby's narrow bed.

And when o'er the weary earth  
    Soft night's curtains fall,  
And our living loved ones lie  
    Sleeping, one and all,  
It is sweet to know that she  
Sleepeth *near us* peacefully.

Though amid her golden hair  
    Heavily and slow,  
Dust and mould be gathering  
    In the grave so low,  
While a changeless shadow lies  
Dark and cold upon her eyes :

Though so still her dimpled hands,  
    Dimpled cheeks so pale—  
Though our Bud of Promise proved  
    For the earth too frail ;  
Near her grave no chilling breath  
Whispers to our hearts of—*Death*.

All the songs the wild birds pour,  
All the sweets that come  
From each odor-laden flower,  
Tell us of the home  
Where our darling, gone before,  
Waits for us, life's journey o'er.

White-winged child, with golden hair,  
We will strive to meet thee there !



*The Child on Earth, and the Child in Heaven.*

ANONYMOUS.

MOTHER and I one afternoon,  
As evening shades drew on,  
Sat talking in our little room  
Of joys for ever gone ;  
Of one we very dearly loved,  
Who had but lately died—  
The youngest of our happy band—  
My mother's joy and pride.

And while we sat and talked of him,  
My brother, standing near,  
Asked " why God took him from us,  
If he was to us so dear ?"  
We said, that " God, who loved him most,  
In wisdom and in love  
Had taken him away from us,  
To dwell in heaven above !"

We asked him if *he* wished to go  
To heaven, when *he* died,  
And meet his angel-brother there :  
“ Oh, yes !” the boy replied ;  
And then, with smiles upon his face—  
An earnest look above—  
He spoke in tones of innocence,  
These words of truth and love :

“ I want to go when *mother* goes,”  
(What love is here expressed !)  
“ I would not leave *her* here *alone*.”  
Dear child ! may you be blessed,  
And may we, when this life is o’er,  
Our errors all forgiven,  
All meet upon that blissful shore—  
That “ better land,” in heaven !

*The Little Boy's Burial.*

W. C. BRYANT.

Two dark-eyed maids, at shut of day,  
Sat where a river rolled away,  
With calm, sad brows, and raven hair ;  
And one was pale, and both were fair.

Bring flowers, they sang, bring flowers unblown,  
Bring forest blooms of name unknown ;  
Bring budding sprays from wood and wild,  
To strew the bier of Love, the child !

Close softly, fondly, while ye weep,  
His eyes, that death may seem like sleep ;  
And fold his hands in sign of rest,  
His waxen hands across his breast.

And make his grave where violets hide,  
Where star-flowers strew the rivulet's side,  
And blue-birds, in the misty spring  
Of cloudless skies and summer, sing.

Place near him, as ye lay him low,  
His idle shafts, his loosened bow,  
The silken fillet that around  
His waggish eyes in sport he bound.

But we shall mourn him long, and miss  
His ready smile, his ready kiss,  
The prattle of his little feet,  
Sweet frowns and stammered phrases sweet ;

And graver looks, serene and high,  
A light of heaven in that young eye ;  
All these shall haunt us till the heart  
Shall ache, and ache, and tears will start.

The bow, the band shall fall to dust,  
The shining arrows waste with rust ;  
And all of love that earth can claim,  
Be but a memory and a name.

Not thus his nobler part shall dwell  
A prisoner in his narrow cell ;  
But he whom now we hide from men,  
In the dark ground shall live again ;

Shall break the clods a form of light,  
With nobler mien and purer sight,  
And in the eternal glory stand  
Highest and nearest God's right hand !

## Little Charlie.

## A LAMENT.

O SUNSHINE, making golden spots  
    Upon the carpet at my feet—  
The shadows of the coming flowers !  
The phantoms of forget-me-nots  
    And roses red and sweet !  
How can you seem so full of joy,  
    And we so sad at heart and sore ?  
Angel of Death ! again thy wings  
    Are folded at our door !

We can but yearn through length of days  
For something lost, we fancied ours :  
We'll miss thee, darling, when the spring  
    Has touched the world to flowers !  
For thou wast like that dainty month  
Which strews the violets at its feet :  
Thy life was slips of golden sun

And silver tear-drops braided sweet !  
For thou wast light and thou wast shade,  
And thine were sweet capricious ways !  
Now lost in purple languors, now  
No bird in ripe red summer days  
Was half as wild as thou !  
O little Presence ! everywhere  
We find some touching trace of thee—  
A pencil mark upon the wall  
That “naughty hands” made thoughtlessly :  
And broken toys around the house—  
Where he has left them they have lain  
Waiting for little busy hands  
That will not come again,  
Will never come again !

Within the shrouded room below  
He lies a-cold—and yet we know  
It is *not* Charlie there !  
It is not Charlie cold and white,  
It is the robe, that in his flight  
He gently cast aside !  
Our darling hath not died !  
O rare still lips ! O clouded eyes !  
O violet eyes grown dim !  
Ah well ! this little lock of hair  
Is all of him !

Is all of him that we can keep  
For loving kisses, and the thought  
Of him and death may teach us more  
Than all our life hath taught !

God, walking over starry spheres,  
Did clasp his tiny hand,  
And led him, through a fall of tears,  
Into the Mystic Land !  
Angel of Death ! we question not :  
Who asks of heaven, " Why does it rain ?"  
Angel ! we bless thee, for thy kiss  
Hath hushed the lips of Pain !  
No " Wherefore ?" or " To what good end ?"  
Shall out of doubt and anguish creep  
Into our thought. We bow our heads :  
*He giveth his Beloved sleep !*

AUTHOR OF " BABIE BELL."



To a Friend, on the Death of a Child.

ANONYMOUS.

ABOVE the realms of death and sin,  
Thy cherub is at rest,  
Mingling its accents with the songs  
Of spirits of the blest.

On heaven's high battlements he stands,  
A smile upon his face,  
An early heir to realms of bliss,  
Prepared for Adam's race.

Methinks I see his little hand  
Beck'ning for thee to come,  
And looking for some favored spot,  
For an eternal home.

Mourner, when God invites thee there,  
Earth's cares and troubles o'er,  
Thy child, shall welcome thee to heaven,  
And open wide the door.



Epitaph.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O READER, what a world were this,  
How unendurable its weight, if they  
Whom Death hath sunder'd did not MEET AGAIN !

'Is it well with the Child?—It is well.'

BIBLE.

"AND when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died. And she went up, and laid him on the bed of the man of God, and shut the door upon him, and went out. And she called unto her husband, and said, Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men, and one of the asses, that I may run to the man of God, and come again. And he said, Wherefore wilt thou go to him to-day? it is neither new moon nor Sabbath. And she said, It shall be well. Then she saddled an ass, and said to her servant, Drive and go forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I bid thee. So they went, and came unto the man of God to mount Carmel. And it came to pass, when the man of God saw her afar off, that he said to Gehazi his servant, Behold that Shumanite; run now, I pray thee,

to meet her ; and say unto her, Is it well with thee ? is it well with thy husband ? is it well with the child ? And she answered, It is well.

“And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them ; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein. And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.”

Mourn not the Dead.

ELIZA COOK.

MOURN not the dead, shed not a tear  
 Above the moss-stain'd sculptured stone,  
 And weep for those whose living woes  
 Still yield the bitter, rending groan.

Grieve not to see the eyelids close  
 In rest that has not fever'd start ;  
 Wish not to break the deep repose  
 That curtains round the pulseless heart.

But keep thy pity for the eyes  
 That pray for night, yet fear to sleep,  
 Lest wilder, sadder visions rise  
 Than those o'er which they waking weep.

Mourn not the dead, 'tis they alone  
Who are the peaceful and the free ;  
The purest olive-branch is known  
To twine about the cypress tree.

Crime, pride, and passion, hold no more  
The willing or the struggling slave ;  
The throbbing pangs of love are o'er,  
And hatred dwells not in the grave.

The world may pour its venom'd blame,  
And fiercely spurn the shroud-wrapped bier ;  
Some few may call upon the name,  
And sigh to meet a dull cold ear.

But vain the scorn that would offend,  
In vain the lips that would beguile ;  
The coldest foe, the warmest friend,  
Are mock'd by death's unchanging smile.

The only watchword that can tell  
Of peace and freedom won by all,  
Is echo'd by the tolling bell,  
And traced upon the sable pall !

## Death of the First-Born.

WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

YOUNG mother he is gone !  
His dimpled cheek no more will touch thy breast—  
No more the music-tone  
Float from his lips to thine, all fondly press'd ;  
His smile and happy laugh are lost to thee—  
Earth must his mother and his pillow be.

His was the morning hour ;  
And he hath passed in beauty from the day  
A bud, not yet a flower—  
Torn in its scantiness, from the parent spray ;  
The death wind swept him to his soft repose,  
As frost in spring-time blights the early rose.  
Never on earth again  
Will his rich accents charm thy listening ear,  
Like some Æolian strain,  
Breathing at even-tide serene and clear ;  
His voice is choked in dust, and on his eyes  
The unbroken seal of peace and silence lies.

And from thy yearning heart,  
Whose inmost core was warm with love for him,  
A gladness must dispart,  
And those kind eyes with many tears be dim—  
While lonely memories, an unceasing train,  
Will turn the raptures of the past to pain.  
Yet, mourner ! while the day  
Rolls like the darkness of a funeral by,  
And Hope forbids one ray  
To stream athwart the grief-discolored sky,  
There breaks upon thy sorrow's evening gloom,  
A trembling lustre from beyond the tomb.



"Little Robbie,"

ANONYMOUS.

How can I give thee up, my darling one,  
So fair, so beautifully fair,  
And lay thee in the cold grave, damp and lone,  
And leave thee there!

Those pure, sweet eyes, are they forever shut,  
Where I so oft have gazed in love,  
And thrilled to see the germinating ray of thought  
Sent forth, sweet dove!

Oh! as I pressed thee to my breast, my child,  
With all a mother's yearning heart,  
How could I feel, my beauteous one and mild,  
That we must part!

Thy clear transparent forehead, glossy hair,  
Thy tiny hand, and velvet cheek,  
I cannot, cannot leave thee sleeping there ;  
My darling, speak !

All, all is silent. Oh ! too well I know  
The seal of death is on thee set ;  
My breaking heart feels yet not half its woe :  
'Twill ne'er forget !

To a Dead Infant.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

SLEEP, little baby ! sleep !  
 Not in thy cradled bed,  
 Not on thy mother's breast  
 Henceforth shall be thy rest,  
 But with the quiet dead.

Yes, with the quiet dead,  
 Baby ! thy rest shall be.  
 Oh ! many a weary wight,  
 Weary of life and light,  
 Would fain lie down with thee !

Flee little tender nursling !  
 Flee to thy grassy nest ;  
 There the first flowers shall blow,  
 The first pure flakes of snow  
 Shall fall upon thy breast.

Peace! peace! the little bosom  
    Labors with shortening breath.  
Peace! peace! that tremulous sigh  
Speaks his departure nigh;  
    Those are the damps of death.

I've seen thee in thy beauty,  
    A thing all health and glee;  
But never then wert thou  
So beautiful as now,  
    Baby, thou seemest to me.

Thine upturned eyes glazed over,  
    Like harebells wet with dew,  
Already veiled and hid  
By the convulsed lid—  
    Their pupils darkly blue;

Thy little mouth half open,  
    The soft lip quivering,  
As if like summer air,  
Ruffling the rose-leaves, there  
    Thy soul were fluttering.

Mount up, immortal essence !

Young spirit ! hence—depart !

And is *this* death ? Dread thing !

If such thy visiting,

How beautiful thou art !

Oh I could gaze forever

Upon that waxen face,

So passionless ! so pure !

The little shrine was sure

An angel's dwelling-place.

Thou weepest, childless mother !

Ay, weep ! 'twill ease thine heart :

He was thy first-born son—

Thy first, thine only one ;

'Tis hard from him to part.

'Tis hard to lay thy darling

Deep in the damp cold earth,

His empty crib to see—

His silent nursery,

Late ringing with his mirth :

To meet again in slumber  
    His small mouth's rosy kiss,  
Then—wakened with a start  
By thine own throbbing heart—  
    His twining arms to miss :

And then to lie and weep,  
    And think the live-long night,  
(Feeling thine own distress  
With accurate greediness,)  
    Of every past delight ;

Of all his winning ways,  
    His pretty playful smiles,  
His joy at sight of thee,  
His tricks, his mimickry,  
    And all his little wiles.

Oh ! these are recollections  
    Round mothers' hearts that cling !  
That mingle with the tears  
And smiles of after years,  
    With apt awakening.

But thou wilt then, fond mother,  
In after years look back,  
(Time brings such wondrous easing,)  
With sadness and unpleasing,  
Even on this gloomy track.

Thou'lt say, "my first-born blessing!  
It almost broke my heart,  
When thou wert forced to go,  
And yet for thee, I know  
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee, in his mercy,  
A lamb untasked, untried;  
He fought the fight for thee,  
*He* won the victory,  
And thou art sanctified.

"I look around and see  
The evil ways of men,  
And oh, beloved child!  
I'm more than reconciled  
To thy departure then.

"The little arms that clasped me,  
The innocent lips that prest,  
Would they have been as pure  
Till now, as when of yore  
I lulled thee on my breast?

"Now like a dew-drop shrined  
Within a crystal stone,  
Thou'rt safe in heaven, my dove!  
Safe with the Source of love,  
The everlasting One!

"And when the hour arrives,  
From flesh that sets me free,  
Thy spirit may await  
The first at heaven's gate,  
To meet and welcome me."



*A Mother's Dirge over her Child.*

D. M. MOIR.

BRING me flowers all young and sweet,  
That I may strew the winding sheet,  
Where calm thou sleepest, baby fair,  
With roseless cheek and auburn hair !

Bring me the rosemary whose breath,  
Perfumed the wild and desert heath :  
The lily of the vale, which too,  
In silence and in beauty grew.

Bring cypress from some sunless spot,  
Bring me the blue forget-me-not,  
That I may strew them o'er my bier,  
With long drawn sigh and gushing tear !

Oh what upon this earth doth prove  
So steadfast as a mother's love !  
Oh what on earth can bring relief,  
Or solace to a mother's grief !

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie  
With drowsy smile, and half-shut eye,  
Pillow'd upon my fostering breast,  
Serenely sinking into rest.

The grave must be thy cradle now ;  
The wild flowers o'er thy breast shall grow,  
While still my heart, all full of thee,  
In widow'd solitude shall be.

No taint of earth, no thought of sin,  
E'er dwelt thy stainless breast within ;  
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,  
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea ! from mine arms thy soul hath flown  
Above, and found the heavenly throne,  
To join that blest angelic ring,  
That aye around the altar sing.

Methought when years had rolled way  
That thou wouldst be mine age's stay,  
And often have I dreamt to see  
The boy—the youth—the man in thee !

But thou hast past ! for ever gone  
To leave me childless and alone,  
Like Rachel pouring tear on tear,  
And looking not for comfort here !

Farewell, my child, the dews shall fall  
At noon and evening o'er thy pall ;  
And daisies, when the vernal year  
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,  
And lark delight to fold his wing,  
And roses pale, and lilies fair,  
With perfume load the summer air.

Adieu, my babe ! if life were long,  
This would be even a heavier song,  
But years, like phantoms, quickly pass,  
Then look to us from memory's glass.

Soon on death's couch shall I recline ;  
Soon shall my head be laid with thine ;  
And sunder'd spirits meet above,  
To live for evermore in love.

*The Child in Heaven,*

ANONYMOUS.

Oh, when a mother meets on high  
The child she lost in infancy,  
Has she not then, for pains and fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows and her tears,  
An over-payment of delight?

Not as a child shall we again behold her,  
For when with rapture wild,  
In our embraces we again enfold her,  
She will not be a child,  
But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,  
Clothed with celestial grace ;  
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion,  
Shall we behold her face.

The "Little Travellers."

EDMENSTON.

Who are they whose little feet,  
Pacing life's dark journey through,  
Now have reached that heavenly seat  
They had ever kept in view ?  
" I from Greenland's frozen land ;"  
" I from India's sultry plain ;"  
" I from Afric's barren sand ;"  
" I from islands of the main."

" All our earthly journey past,  
Every tear and pain gone by,  
Here together met at last  
At the portals of the sky ;  
Each the welcome ' COME ' awaits,  
Conquerors over death and sin !  
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,  
Let the little travellers in.

Weep not for thy Child,

ANONYMOUS.

MOTHER ! standing at the grave of thy child, weep not such bitter tears, as though thy loved one were lost to thee forever, look above ! Faith will point thee to a brighter world beyond the grave, and whisper in thine ear, "not lost, but gone before." Then weep not that thy fair one died ; though thou hast one bright cherub less on earth, thou hast an angel more in heaven. Oh blessed thought ! an angel round God's throne, a flower from the nursery of thy love, transplanted to the blooming garden of God's paradise, a jewel from thy casket, shining more brightly as a jewel on thy Saviour's breast ; the tie that bound thee to the earth by love was severed, calling the child to a happier home above. Where thy treasure is, there let my heart be. Then dry thy tears, fair mourner, and lift thy heart to God in prayer. He heareth when the mourners cry. "He doeth all things well." Oh think how the free spirit of thy child is watching o'er thee, communing with thine own, and keep thy heart pure even as that cherub's,

that thou mayst be fitted to meet the loved one in that better world, where partings are no more, and where the redeemed of the Lord are happy—HAPPY! “For God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.”



DEATH

IN THE

SUMMER OF HOPE AND PROMISE.



## P r o e m .

———"Death should come  
 Gently to one of gentle mould like thee,  
 As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,  
 Detach the delicate blossoms from the tree.  
 Close thy sweet eyes calmly, and without pain,  
 And we will trust in God to see thee yet again."

W. C. BRYANT.

THEY sit together, by the household hearth,  
 Companions pure, and young, and strong, and fair,  
 And looking through youth's vista, o'er life's path,  
 See flowers and angels clustering everywhere.

Their converse bounds the future. They portray  
 Long years of prosperous effort, blooming health,  
 Devoted love that shall endure away,  
 And share the many choice delights of wealth,—

And stately homes they'll build, and gather there  
 All this earth hath that's beautiful and pure ;  
 And loving hearts, and forms divinely fair,  
 Shall bliss supreme to those fond homes secure.

Aye ! they will be so blest. Nor once they hear  
A boding whisper in the twilight gloom,  
Prophetic of the death shroud and the bier,  
That soon shall bear their loved mate to the tomb.

'Twas Ella ! brightest of that little band,  
To whom the summons came, blank, cold, and drear ;  
Hers was the warmest heart, the readiest hand,  
The sweetest voice, the tenderest smile and tear

All forms and spirits loved her—the little birds  
Built nests within her chamber, and their young  
Appeared to understand her winning words,  
And learned to imitate the lays she sung.

She knew God called her home ; and her fresh heart  
Gave all its gilded castles to the wind,  
And meekly, sadly, with the gentlest art,  
The-earth bound sympathies of life untwined.

Hope nerved the hands that served her ; oft she smiled,  
And said, " Yes, I am better," when they seemed  
To plead for such an answer gentle —child !—  
Their eyes with such imploring fondness beamed.

'Twas hard for her to die ; a father's prayers,  
At morn and eve, gushed earnest for his child ;  
And ceaseless were her mother's tender cares,  
Her offices of love, and accents mild.

Brothers and sisters—with what anguish'd fear  
They watched the changing cheek and hollow eye,  
And there was one, oh ! more than brother dear,  
Whose life seemed wrapped in hers ; 'twas hard to  
die !

Life was so full of hope, that when at first  
The death doom to her spirit was revealed,  
The voice of nature wailing burst,  
And the great deep of sorrow was unsealed.

Change stamped all earthly scenes, and she grew calm,  
And gazed all tranquil on the face of death,  
Till the pale shade assumed a pensive charm,  
And she beheld an angel's form and breath.

Love's tender eye, suffused with heart-wrung tears,  
With quick reluctance thence would turn away,  
For the pale angel to such glance appears  
All that may fill the living with dismay.

But Ella—it ne'er seemed that she had grown  
Enamored of his voice, as, day by day  
She sat in solitude, save him alone,  
And broke the bands of earthly love away.

And she would answer, with benignant smile,  
“Do not, for me, drop mournfully your tears,  
But bear, with me, the cross a little while,  
And then I leave you, for life's few brief years.

“A few short years, which unto you may be  
Made dark by sorrow, pain, grief, gloom, and fear ;  
While joy, and hope, and beauty pass away,  
And earth's most trusting hearts grow sad and sere.

“My hours have been like summer—rich with bloom,  
And balm, and song, and sunshine ; I have known  
No weariness of heart, no chilling gloom,  
No pangs o'er which youth's heart oft broods alone.

“My world was brim with beauty, full of life,  
Instinct with never-changing love and truth ;  
The future was with blissful prospect rife,  
And hope had all the confidence of youth.

“My sweet companions, too ! Oh, I have been  
So happy in your presence and your song,  
Shrined like an idol your fond breasts within,  
I ne’er have tasted bitterness or wrong.

“Since, then, to this brief span, so much of love,  
So much of beauty, and of bliss is given,  
Oh ! certainly, I cannot fear to prove  
The higher, purer happiness of heaven :

“Dear friends ! My soul is panting to be gone  
From pain, and weakness, and all mortal dread,  
To that bright country where no grief is known,  
Where change comes not, and no farewells are said.”

Thus Ella died. And tenderly they wept,  
Parents, and sisters, brothers, and that one  
For whom her latest kiss of love was kept ;  
He scarce could say that day, “Thy will be done.”

They bore her form through beds of summer flowers,  
With amaranthine leaves they strewed her tomb,  
Then shed upon them tears, like summer showers,  
For she had faded in her summer bloom.

They weep for her, they who are subject still  
To change, to error, to the parting pain ;  
They linger where she sleepeth calm, nor will  
Know earthly grief, or sigh, or weep again.

Youth is the time to die, before the heart  
Has lost the radiance of its heavenly birth,  
Or e'er it turns to take inglorious part  
With those whose darksome ways blight this fair  
earth.

Then plant the twining myrtle o'er their tomb,  
And write them "Blessed !" who depart in Youth,  
Ere yet the Tempter's breath despoiled their bloom,  
Or touched their vestal innocence and truth.

ROSALIE BELL.



*The Freed Spirit : Faith in God.*

ANONYMOUS.

The spirit freed from earthly chains, enraptured soars away,  
To share with kindred ransomed souls, the joys of endless day.

YET though our spirits here faint in sorrow, though grief  
and danger overcloud our sky, and storms of trouble burst  
above our heads, though faltering footsteps linger on the  
way, and the crushed spirit yearns for rest and peace, *still*  
*do we fear to die.* Why is it thus? Why do we shrink  
when death would woo us home, and whispers gently to  
the fainting heart, of peace and joy above?

Oh for a firm, unfaltering faith,  
To calm each rising fear  
To chase away the gloom of death,  
And check the gathering tear ;  
A faith that trusts God's power to save,  
And feels each sin forgiven—  
That calmly looks beyond the grave  
To scenes of love in Heaven !

That gilds life's fleeting summer clouds  
    With beams of radiant light,  
And whispers to the doubting soul,  
    " Fear not—God's ways are right !"  
Oh grant me such a faith as this,  
    With earnest heavenly power  
To point to realms of endless bliss,  
    And cheer the dying hour.  
THEN, when from friends who greet me now  
    I'm called at length to part,  
When death dews gather on my brow,  
    And chill my pulseless heart,  
When earthly scenes are fading fast  
    Before my death-dimmed eye,  
With *Faith's* bright mantle o'er me cast,  
    I shall not fear to die.

*The Happiness of Heaven.*

CAROLINE BOWLES.

Oh, happy, happy country ! where  
There entereth not a sin,  
And death, who keeps its portals fair,  
May never once come in.  
No grief can change their day to night,  
The darkness of that land is light ;  
Sorrow and sighing God has sent  
Far thence, to endless banishment.  
And never more may one dark tear  
Bedim their burning skies ;  
For every one they shed while here  
In fearful agonies,  
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem  
In their immortal diadem.

*Death of a Maiden.*

HON. MRS. NORTON.

Low she lies, who blest our eyes  
Through many a sunny day ;  
She may not smile, she will not rise—  
The life hath passed away !  
Yet there is a world of light beyond,  
Where we neither die nor sleep—  
She is *there*, of whom our souls were fond—  
Then wherefore do we weep ?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told  
In each glance of her glad bright eye ;  
And she lies pale, who was so bright,  
She scarce seemed made to die.  
Yet we know that her soul is happy now,  
Where the saints their calm watch keep ;  
That angels are crowning that fair young brow,  
Then wherefore do we weep ?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice,  
Who caught the happy sound ;  
There was gladness in her very step,  
As it lightly touched the ground.  
The echoes of voice and step are gone ;  
There is silence still and deep :  
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne,  
Then wherefore do we weep ?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,  
That lies like a shadow there,  
Were beautiful in the eyes of all—  
And her glossy golden hair !  
But though that lid may never wake  
From its dark and dreamless sleep,  
She is gone where young hearts do not break—  
Then wherefore do we weep ?

That world of light with joy is bright,  
*This* is a world of woe :  
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,  
Because we dwell below ?  
We will bury her under the mossy sod,  
And one long bright tress we'll keep ;  
We have only given her back to God,  
Ah ! wherefore do we weep ?

## Death.

THOMAS HOOD.

It is not death that sometime in a sigh  
This eloquent breath shall take its speechless flight ;  
That sometime these bright stars that now reply  
In sunlight to the sun, shall set in night ;  
That this warm conscious flesh shall perish quite,  
And all life's ruddy springs forget to flow ;  
That thoughts shall cease, and the immortal sprite  
Be lapp'd in alien clay and laid below :  
It is not death to know this—but to know  
That pious thoughts, which visit at new graves,  
In tender pilgrimage, will cease to go  
So duly and so oft, and when grass waves  
Over the passed-away, there may be then  
No resurrection in the minds of men.

## The "Angel of the Covenant."

POLLOK.

THE angel of the Covenant  
Was come, and faithful to his promise, stood  
Prepared to walk with her through Death's dark vale.  
And now her eyes grew bright, and brighter still,  
Too bright for ours to look upon—suffused  
With many tears, and closed without a cloud.  
They set as sets the morning star, which goes  
Not down behind the darkened west, nor hides  
Obscured among the tempests of the sky,  
But melts away into the light of heaven.

*She Came and Went.*

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

As a twig trembles, which a bird  
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,  
So is my memory thrilled and stirred ;—  
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,  
The blue dome's measureless extent,  
So my soul held that moment's heaven ;—  
I only know she came and went.

As at one bound, our swift spring heaps  
The orchards full of bloom and scent,  
So clove her May my wintry sleeps ;  
I only know she came and went.



An angel stood and met my gaze,  
Through the low doorway of my tent ;  
The tent is struck, the vision stays ;  
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,  
And life's last oil is nearly spent,  
One gush of light these eyes will brim,  
Only to know she came and went.

*The Changes of Death.*

JEREMY TAYLOR.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood ; from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven as a lamb's fleece ; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age ; it bowed its head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. So does the fairest beauty change.

WEEP not for him that Dieth.

Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him; but weep sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country.—*Jeremiah*, xxii. 10.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

WEEP not for him that dieth—  
 For he sleeps and is at rest;  
 And the couch whereon he lieth  
 Is the green earth's quiet breast.  
 But weep for him that pineth  
 On a far land's hateful shore,  
 Who wearily declineth  
 Where ye see his face no more!

Weep not for him that dieth,  
 For friends are round his bed,  
 And many a young lip sigheth  
 When they name the early dead.

But weep for him that liveth  
Where none will know or care,  
When the groan his faint heart giveth  
Is the last sigh of despair.

Weep not for him that dieth,  
For his struggling soul is free,  
And the world from which it flieth  
Is a world of misery.  
But weep for him that weareth  
The captive's galling chain ;  
To the agony *he* beareth,  
Death were but little pain.

Weep not for him that dieth  
For he hath ceased from tears,  
And a voice to his replieth  
Which he hath not heard for years.  
But weep for him who weepeth  
On that cold land's cruel shore—  
Blest, blest is he that sleepeth,  
Weep for the dead no more !

*The Mourner's Vision.*

A. M. EDMOND.

I STAND on the brink of a river,  
The river of Life to me,  
Where the billows of Memory quiver,  
And rise and fall like the sea.

I read in their tremulous motion  
The records of many a year,  
And like voices that come from the ocean  
Are the muffled words I hear.

Down under the waters gleaming  
Are visions of long ago ;  
There are forms of beauty beaming,  
There are shadows dark and low.

There are scenes from life's fair morning  
That come like the break of day,  
Or a beautiful landscape's dawning  
When the mists have passed away.

I gaze on the sight elysian  
With earnest and longing eyes,  
Till my soul is stirred by the vision,  
With raptures from Paradise.

I see the chain of a friendship  
Death never had power to part ;  
One link is under the waters,  
The other is round my heart.

I hear from the depths of the river  
Sweet words that my spirit thrill,  
We are parted, but not forever !  
We are living and loving still !

And my soul is no more lonely,  
Nor throbs with a sense of pain,  
For the loved who were once mine only,  
*I know* will be mine again.

Dark waves may close o'er the vision,  
    Storms drive me away from the shore,  
But Hope, like the lamp of a vestal,  
    Dies out in my soul no more.

Flow on, mysterious river !  
    Flow on to Eternity's sea,  
By faith and a holy endeavor  
    The future hath bliss for me.

## Departed Friends.

ANONYMOUS.

'Tis sweet to muse, as o'er the gladden'd sea  
The orient Sun his youthful radiance flings,  
On those fair scenes which Hope to Fancy brings,  
And dream of joys and pleasures yet to be.  
But oh ! 'tis sweeter far when Memory  
At dewy eve, with ling'ring eye looks back  
O'er the bright spots of that familiar track,  
Which erst we trod with careless steps and free :  
There the fond heart o'er ancient visions stays,  
And friends once deeply loved but long since gone,  
Meet us again ; and scenes of other days  
Float o'er the mind like Music's dying tone,  
Leaving a peace that's less of earth than heaven,  
A holy calm like that to sainted spirits given.



## An Amaranthine Flower.

R. W. CUSHMAN.

Whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never see death,—*Jesus*.

I saw her at the house of prayer  
With eye of light ; the rose of health  
Bloomed on her cheek. Her buoyant tread  
Bespoke a joyous heart and head  
That never ached. A child of wealth  
She stood among the fairest, fair.

Yes, Laura in the house of prayer !  
And while, around, a giddy throng  
Gave and returned, with smile and nod,  
To beauty what they owed to God ;  
She poured the swell of holy song,  
And knelt in low prostration there.

Devotion o'er her features raised  
A light that told of inward peace ;  
An antepart of opening heaven  
In one who felt her sins forgiven,  
And panted for a quick release,  
And presence with the God she praised.

She's gone ! But whither ? Look ye down  
To search among the clods beneath !  
Suppose ye that th' immortal mind  
Within the abodes of Death ye'll find !  
And will ye for the monster wreath  
Of cypress boughs a *victor's* crown ?

'Tis true she fell beneath his stroke,  
And God the awful mandate gave ;  
'Tis true she sinned, and with her race  
Was doomed to find a resting-place  
Within the dark and silent grave ;  
Yet Christ hath not his promise broke.

Behold ! amid celestial spheres,  
Her spirit walks the paths of light ;

And hark ! her lyre for Him who reign  
She wakes to more than angel strains,  
Where youth, immortal, fears no blight,  
And bliss, eternal, knows no tears.

## Heaven.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

SLEEP on ! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take,  
For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake,  
Above the subtle foldings of the sky,  
Above the well set orbs' soft harmony :  
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,  
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light ;  
Where Heaven, as if it left itself behind,  
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find.  
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,  
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space,  
For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray  
Glimmers upon the pure and endless day.  
No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,  
Or with dim tapers scatter darkness there.  
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,  
No circling motion doth swift time divide ;  
Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,  
But an eternal now does always last.

*The Dead Friend.*

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Descend to contemplate  
The form that once was dear !  
The spirit is not there  
Which kindled that dead eye,  
Which throbbed in that cold heart, . . .  
Which in that motionless hand  
Hath met thy friendly grasp.  
The spirit is not there !  
It is but lifeless, perishable flesh,  
That moulders in the grave ;  
Earth, air, and water's ministering particles,  
Now to the elements  
Resolved, their uses done.  
Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend beloved ;  
The spirit is not there !

Often together have we talked of death ;  
How sweet it were to see  
All doubtful things made clear ;  
How sweet it were with powers  
Such as the cherubim,  
To view the depth of heaven !  
O Edmund ! thou has first  
Begun the travel of eternity !  
I look upon the stars,  
And think that thou art there,  
Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee.

And we have often said how sweet it were  
With unseen ministry of angel power,  
To watch the friends we loved.  
Edmund ! we did not err !  
Sure I have felt thy presence ! Thou hast given  
A birth to holy thought,  
Hast kept me from the world unstain'd and pure.  
Edmund ! we did not err !  
Our best affections here,  
They are not like the toys of infancy ;  
The soul outgrows them not,  
We do not cast them off ;  
O, if it could be so,  
It were indeed a dreadful thing to die !

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,  
Follow thy friend beloved !  
But in the lonely hour,  
But in the evening walk,  
Think that he companies thy solitude ;  
Think that he holds with thee  
Mysterious intercourse ;  
And though remembrance wake a tear,  
There will be joy in grief

*The Shadow.*

FLORENCE PERRY.

SEVENTEEN long years ago ! and still  
The hillock newly-heaped I see  
Which hid beneath its heavy drill  
One who has never died to me.  
And since the leaves which o'er it wave  
Have been kept green by raining tears :  
Strange how the shadow of a grave  
Could fall across so many years.

Seventeen long years ago ! no cross,  
No urn nor monument is there ;  
But drooping leaves and starry moss  
Bend softly in the summer air :  
The one I would have died to save  
Sleeps sweetly free from griefs and fears :  
Strange, how the shadow of a grave  
Could fall across so many years.



Seventeen long years ago ! I see  
The hand I held so long in vain ;  
The lips I pressed despairingly,  
Because they answered not again :  
I see again the shining wave  
Of the dark hair be-gemmed with tears :  
Strange how the shadow of a grave  
Could fall across so many years !

Seventeen long years ago ! The hand  
Then fondly clasped, still holds my own,  
Leading me gently to the land  
Where storm and shadow are unknown ;  
The summons which I gladly crave  
Will come like music to my ears,  
And the chill shadows of the grave  
Be changed to light, ere many years !

The Thousand Harvest.

WILLIAM R. ALGER.

A DYING girl in autumn time,  
Lay fading at the close of day—  
Stole o'er the fields the reapers' chime,  
While fast around the brown sheaves lay.

"Open the casement wide," she said,  
"And raise me up, that I may look,  
Ere yet my heart and eyes are dead,  
Once more upon the field and brook."

"*The harvest is the Lord's,*" loud sang  
The reapers in the distant field;  
With piled-up sheaves, with sickles' clang,  
To Him the glory high they yield.

Abroad the sweet pale maiden gazed,  
Then all around grew sudden black ;  
The sun in setting dimly blazed—  
Her head upon the couch fell back

“Farewell !” she sighed, “ye scenes so dear”—  
“*The harvest is the Lord’s,*” replied  
Unconsciously, the reapers, clear :  
And ere their choral echo died,

An angel-reaper darted there,  
Too swift for mortal sight to spy,  
And bore the flower that drooped so fair,  
To God’s great garner in the sky.

Death.

ANONYMOUS.

ANGEL! who treadest in the track of Time,  
Guarding the entrance to that unknown clime,  
    Whence come no whispers to the world below,  
    Whence not a song we hear  
    Of triumph or of cheer,  
Or sound of happy footsteps passing to and fro,

Pale as the Maybell trembling in the breeze  
Thou makest youthful cheeks. The summer seas  
    Lose their calm blue beneath thy waving wing :  
    Fierce storms thou summonest  
    From the deep mountain breast,  
To be thy pursuivants when thou art wandering.

Thy name is terrible ; thine icy breath  
Stern order to the War-fiend uttereth,  
    Who stains the pleasantest turf a fearful red,

Or dashes in the wave  
A myriad of spirits brave,  
For whose eternal rest no saintly song is said.

Yet have I known thee, Death, with gentle hand  
Lead some poor wanderer to the heavenly land,  
Amid the purple light of autumn leaves ;  
While to the harvest moon  
Arose a rustic tune  
From sunburnt, lusty reapers, binding up their sheaves.

And even if, in some too cruel mood,  
Thou didst neglect the weary multitude,  
To clutch the fair bride in her orange bloom—  
To dim her eyes of light  
Upon the marriage night,  
And bear her pallid beauty to the marble tomb ;

Or the sweet child, who prattles all day long,  
Didst touch with chillness 'mid his cradle song—  
Yet unrepining, let us hope and pray :  
The Master calls his own  
Up to his golden throne—  
When they are gathered there, thou, Death, shalt pass  
away.

*Dirge for a Young Girl.*

JAMES T. FIELDS.

UNDERNEATH the sod now lying, dark and drear,  
Sleepeth one who left in dying, sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her eyes that weep ;  
Forms that to the cold grave bore her vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining, soft and fair,  
Friends she loved in tears are twining chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit, throned above ;  
Souls like thine, with God inherit life and love !

*Death of the Virtuous.*

A. P. PEABODY.

Do we mourn over virtuous friends, suddenly snatched from the large and cherished place which they filled in our affections? Glory be to Jesus, that we mourn not without hope! Our homes are made desolate; but the grave is desolate also. It imprisons not the beloved who have parted from us: we go thither to weep, and the angel of the resurrection meets us; the voice steals over us, "They are not here, they are risen." Death is swallowed up in victory. They die no more, but are as the angels of God. The Lamb who is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. A veil, indeed, must hang for a while between them and us. They and we must, for a season, pursue separate paths of duty, in separate mansions of our Father's house, yet not divided. It is still one house and one family. Yet your faith is weak. We think too much of the dark coffin and the lonely grave, with which the departed have far less connec-

tion than ourselves. But could we lift our thoughts to the abode of their glory, could we catch the hymn-note of their joy, could we get a momentary glimpse of their blissful state, it would arm us with fortitude to bear our loss, fill us with thankfulness for their unspeakable gain, and urge us ever onward and upward with unfaltering steps in the path which they trod before us.



*Life, Death, and Eternity.*

ANONYMOUS.

A SHADOW moving by one's side,  
That would a substance seem,  
That is, yet is not—though descried,  
Like skies beneath the stream :  
A tree that's ever in the bloom,  
Whose fruit is never ripe,  
A wish for joys that never come,  
Such are the hopes of LIFE.

A dark, inevitable night,  
A blank that will remain,  
A waiting for the morning light,  
When waiting is in vain,—



A gulf where pathway never led  
To show the depth beneath,  
A thing we know not, yet we dread,  
That dreaded thing is DEATH.

The vaulted void of purple sky,  
That everywhere extends,  
That stretches from the dazzled eye,  
In space that never ends—  
A morning, whose uprisen sun  
No setting e'er shall see,  
A day that comes without a moon,  
Such is ETERNITY.

---

Christ the Source of Comfort.

GRANT.

WHEN mourning o'er some stone I bend,  
Which covers all that was a friend ;  
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,  
Divides me for a little while ;  
Thou Saviour mark'st the tears I shed,  
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And oh ! when I have safely passed  
 Through every conflict but the last,  
 Still, still unchanging, watch beside  
 My painful bed—for thou hast died ;  
 Then point to realms of cloudless day,  
 And wipe the latest tear away.

---

S e p a r a t i o n .

ANONYMOUS.

WHEN forced to part from those we love,  
 If sure to meet to-morrow,  
 We still a pang of anguish prove,  
 And feel a touch of sorrow.

But who can paint the briny tears  
 We shed when thus we sever,  
 If forced to part, for months, for years,  
 To part—perhaps *for ever* !

ANSWER. .

But if our thoughts are fixed aright,  
 A cheering hope is given,  
 Though *here* our prospects end in night,  
 We meet again in heaven.

Yes if our souls are raised above,  
    'Tis sweet when thus we sever,  
Since parting in a Saviour's love,  
    We part *to meet for ever!*

---

No Grief in Heaven.

ANONYMOUS.

No hidden grief,  
No wild and cheerless vision of despair,  
No vain petition for a swift relief,  
No tearful eyes, no broken hearts are there.

The storm's black wing  
Is never spread athwart celestial skies;  
Its wailings blend not with the voice of spring,  
As some too tender flow'ret fades and dies.

Let us depart,  
If home like this await the weary soul.  
Look up thou stricken one! Thy wounded heart  
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.

Weep not for Her.

D. M. MOIR.

WEEP not for her ! Her span was like the sky,  
Whose thousand stars shine beautiful and bright,  
Like flowers that know not what it is to die,  
Like long link'd shadeless months of polar light,  
Like music floating o'er a waveless lake,  
While echo answers from the flowery brake,  
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! She died in early youth,  
Ere hope had lost its rich romantic hues ;  
When human bosoms seemed the homes of truth,  
And earth still gleam'd with beauty's radiant dews.  
Her summer prime waned not to days that freeze,  
Her *wine* of life was not run to the lees ;  
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her! By fleet or slow decay,  
 It never grieved her bosom's core to mark  
 The playmates of her childhood wane away,  
 Her prospects wither, and her hopes grow dark.  
 Translated by her God with spirit shriven,  
 She passed, as 'twere on smiles, from earth to heaven :  
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! It was not hers to feel  
 The miseries that corrode amassing years,  
 'Gainst dreams of baffled bliss the heart to steel,  
 To wander sad down Age's vale of tears,  
 As whirl the withered leaves from friendship's tree,  
 And on earth's wintry wold alone to be :  
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her! She is an angel now,  
 And treads the sapphire floors of Paradise,  
 All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow,  
 Sin, sorrow, suffering, banish'd from her eyes ;  
 Victorious over death, to her appears  
 The vista'd joys of heaven's eternal years ;  
 Weep not for her!

Weep not for her ! Her memory is the shrine  
· Of pleasant thoughts, sweet as the scent of flowers,  
Calm as on the windless eve the sun's decline,  
Sweet as the song of birds among the bowers,  
Rich as a rainbow with its hues of light,  
Pure as the moonshine of an autumn night :  
Weep not for her !

Weep not for her ! There is no cause of woe,  
But rather nerve the spirit that it walk  
Unshrinking o'er the thorny path below,  
And from earth's low defilements keep thee back ;  
So, when a few fleet swerving years have flown,  
She'll meet thee at heaven's gate—and lead thee on  
Weep not for her !

## Death and the Cross.

H. M. DODGE.

To breathe

The last sad parting word, to feel the last  
Soft pressure of the hand we love, and know  
The cherished body soon will be a cold  
And fearful thing, e'en to our dearest friends ;  
That soon the solemn hearse will bear us hence,  
From the warm bosom of the abodes of life,  
To the drear city of the dead ! alas,  
The soon forgotten dead ! there to be left,  
Companion to the worm and mouldering clod ;  
Our name soon blotted out from memory's page.  
Ah is not this a startling, dreadful thought,  
To buoyant, happy youth ? But to the soul  
That looks to Calvary—that lays its hopes  
Low at the precious Cross, the scene is changed.  
The earth may look as beautiful, but heaven  
Outshines its utmost glories ; happy dreams  
Of life's delightful day may be as sweet,  
But Paradise unfolds far sweeter scenes

To charm the ransomed soul. The loved  
Of earth are held as dotingly ; but lo ! a clime  
Where holiest friendship dwells, and loved ones meet  
To part no more for ever ! The cold grave  
May wear as dark a gloom, and thought may shrink  
As mournfully from the dark shivering touch  
Of sad forgetfulness ; but lo ! a beam  
Of overwhelming glory lights the tomb  
With everlasting day ! The sleeper wakes,  
And high in realms of blessedness he finds  
His name enrolled, by Heaven's eternal pen,  
In the Lamb's book of life—ah ! never more  
To be *forgotten* through eternity.  
Then the young Christian, though his years are few,  
And the sweet morn of life unfolds to sight  
The promise of a radiant day, can look  
Into the dreary grave with holy joy,  
And shut his eyes forever on the world,  
And all his earthly hopes, with songs of peace  
And blessedness ineffable.



*The Grave.*

WASHINGTON IRVING.

OH, the grave, the grave! It buries every error; covers every defect; extinguishes every resentment. From this peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down even upon the grave of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that ever he should have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him! But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is we call up in long review, the truth and gentleness, and a thousand endearments lavished upon us, almost unheard in the daily course of intimacy. There it is we dwell upon the tenderness of the parting scene, the bed of death, with all its stifled grief, its noiseless attendants, its mute watchful assiduities, the last testimonial of expiring love, the feeble, fluttering feeling. Oh how thrilling is the pressure of the hand; the last fond look of the glaring eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence; the faint faltering accent, struggling in death to give one more assurance of

affection. Aye, go the grave of buried love, and meditate ! There settle your account with your conscience, of past endearments unregarded of that departed being who never can return to be soothed by contrition. If thou art a child and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the brow of an affectionate parent ; if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy truth ; if thou art a friend, and hast wronged by thought, by word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee ; if thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to the true heart that now lies cold and still beneath thy feet ; then be sure that every unkind look, ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knock dolefully at thy soul ; then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groans, and pour the unavailing tear—bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

## Lines

SUGGESTED BY THE DEATH OF A YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL LADY.

CAROLINE MAY.

So young, so fair, so well beloved, so gifted,  
Yet Death has come for her,  
And from our sight her gentle form has lifted—  
A strong, stern messenger.

In vain we prayed with bitter tears—"Oh, linger,  
Take her not yet—not yet!"  
For even then the seal of his cold finger  
Upon her brow was set.

And cold that brow and breast of holy whiteness  
Beneath his touch became ;  
And stiff those fringed lids, that veiled the brightness  
Of Love's pure steady flame.

Down drooped the hands like two white lilies broken,  
Unheeding the fond grasp  
Of those who vainly hoped for one more token  
Responsive to their clasp.

She knew Death only, heard alone his promise,  
That held forth heaven to her ;  
So hushed and silent, she was carried from us  
By God's great messenger.

And we gaze after her, with eyes too tearful  
To pierce heaven's upper air ;  
Though sweet Faith says, with accent low, but cheerful,  
" Ye soon shall meet her there."

Soon and Forever with Christ.

MANSEL.

“Soon, and forever!”  
 Such promise our trust,  
 Though ashes to ashes,  
 And dust unto dust :  
 Soon, and forever,  
 Our union shall be  
 Made perfect, our glorious  
 Redeemer in thee.  
 When the sin and the sorrows  
 Of time shall be o’er,  
 Its pangs and its partings  
 Remembered no more ;  
 When life cannot fail,  
 And when death cannot sever,  
 Christians with Christ shall be  
 Soon, and forever.

*Death of a Young Wife.*

WILLIAM P. LUNT.

THE faded leaves were strewed around,  
Sad symptoms of the dying year;  
The young wife in her grave-clothes bound,  
Was placed upon the bier.

Two years were hardly yet complete,  
Since she before the pastor vowed  
That she would be a true help-meet,  
Who now was in her shroud.

The solemn bell her age has tolled,  
A warning to the young and gay!  
And to the tomb, all still and cold,  
The mourners take their way.

The bearers set the coffin down  
    Within the sacred burial-place,  
And through the open lid, the sun  
    Shines in upon that face.

And weeping eyes now look their last,  
    And friends repeat the fond adieu ;  
The spirit unto God has passed,  
    And earth to earth is due.

We offered then a prayer to God,  
    Through Him who died our souls to save,  
That we might bear his chastening rod,  
    And triumph o'er the grave.

Thanks to the truth of Holy Writ,  
    The eye of faith beheld that day,  
The Resurrection-Angel sit  
    Beside that sleeping clay.

## The Dead.

ANONYMOUS.

THERE are no dead ! The forms indeed did die,  
That cased the ethereal beings now on high :  
'Tis but the outward covering is thrown by—  
This is the dead !

The spirits of the lost, of whom we sing,  
Have perished not ; they have but taken wing,  
Changing an earthly for a heavenly spring :  
There are the dead !

Thus is all nature perfect. Harmony  
Pervades the whole, by His all-wise decree,  
With whom are those, to vast infinity,  
We misname dead.



*Example of a Christian Death.*

R. MONTGOMERY.

Go, child of darkness, see a Christian die,  
No horror pales his lip, or rolls his eye ;  
No dreadful doubts, or dreamy terrors start  
The hope Religion pillows on his heart.  
When with a dying hand he waves adieu  
To all who love so well, and weep so true ;  
Meek as an infant to the mother's breast  
Turns fondly longing for its wonted rest,  
He pants for where congenial spirits stray,  
Turns to his God, and sighs his soul away.

The Death-Bed.

THOMAS HOOD.

WE watched her breathing through the night  
Her breathing soft and low,  
As in her breast the wave of life  
Kept heaving to and fro.

So silently we seemed to speak,  
So slowly moved about,  
As we had lent her half our powers  
To eke her being out.

Our very hopes belied our fears,  
Our fears our hopes belied,  
We thought her dying when she slept,  
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad  
And chill with early showers,  
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had  
Another morn than ours.

---

Dirge in Autumn.

W. G. CLARK.

'Tis an autumnal eve—the low winds sighing  
To wet leaves, rustling as they hasten by,  
The eddyng gust to tossing boughs replying,  
And ebon darkness filling all the sky ;  
The moon, pale mistress, palled in solemn vapor,  
The rack swift wandering through the void above,  
As I a mourner by my lonely taper,  
Send back to faded hours the plaint of love.

Blossoms of peace, once in my pathway springing,  
Where have your brightness and your splendor gone ?  
And thou whose voice came sweet to me as singing,  
What region holds thee in the vast unknown ?  
What star, far brighter than the rest contains thee,  
Beloved, departed, empress of my heart ?  
What bond of full beatitude enchains thee  
In realms unveiled by pen or prophet's art ?

Ah ! loved and lost ! in these autumnal hours,  
When fairy colors deck the painted tree,  
When the vast woodlands seem a sea of flowers  
Oh then my soul, exulting bounds to thee—  
Springs as to clasp thee yet in this existence,  
Yet to behold thee at my lonely side !  
But the fond vision melts at once in distance,  
And my sad heart gives echo—She has died !

Yes ! when the morning of her years was brightest,  
That angel presence into dust went down ;  
While yet with rosy dreams her rest was lightest,  
Death, for the olive, wore the cypress crown.  
Sleep, which no waking knows, o'ercame her bosom,  
O'ercame her large, bright, spiritual eyes ;  
Spared in her bower connubial one fair blossom,  
Then bore her spirits to the upper skies.

There let me meet her, when life's struggles over,  
The pure in love and thought their faith renew,  
Where man's forgiving and redeeming Lover  
Spreads out His paradise to every view.  
Let the wild autumn with its leaves descending,  
Howl on the winter's verge, yet spring will come !  
So my freed soul no more 'gainst fate contending,  
With all it loveth, shall regain its home.

## Death of a Young Christian.

ANONYMOUS.

OH grieve not for him with the wildness of sorrow,  
As those who in hopeless despondency weep ;  
From God's holy word consolation we borrow  
For souls who in Jesus confidently sleep.

Lament not your lov'd one, but triumph the rather,  
To think of the promise, the prayer of the Lamb ;  
"Your joy shall be full," and "I will, oh, my Father !  
That those whom thou giv'st me may be where I am."

Nay weep not for him—for the flower of the morning,  
So dear to your bosom, so fair in your eyes ;  
But weep for the souls unbelievably scorning  
The counsel and truth of the "God only wise."

He came to the cross when his young cheek was bloom  
ing,  
And raised to the Lord the bright beam of his eye ;  
And when o'er its beauty death's darkness was glooming,  
The cross did uphold him, the Saviour was nigh.

I saw the black pall o'er his relics extended,  
I wept, but they were not the tear-drops of woe :  
The prayer of my soul that in fervor ascended,  
Was " Lord, when thou callest, like him may I go !"

---

The Silent Girl.

S. GILMAN.

SHE seldom spake, yet she imparted  
Far more than language could—  
So birdlike, bright, and tender-hearted,  
So natural and so good !  
Her air, her look, her rest, her actions,  
Were voice enough for her ;  
Why need a tongue, when *those* attractions  
Our inmost hearts could stir ?

She seldom talked—but uninvited,  
    Would cheer us with a song ;  
And oft her hands our ears delighted,  
    Sweeping the keys along.  
And oft, when converse round would languish,  
    Asked or unasked, she read  
Some tale of gladness or of anguish,  
    And so our evenings sped.

She seldom spake, but she would listen  
    With all the signs of soul ;  
Her cheek would change, her eye would glisten,  
    The sigh, the smile upstole.  
Who did not understand and love her  
    With meaning thus o'erfraught ?  
Though silent as the sky above her,  
    Like that, she kindled thought.

Little she spake, but dear attentions  
    From her would ceaseless rise,  
She check'd our wants by kind preventions,  
    She hush'd the children's cries.  
And twining, she would give her mother  
    A long and loving kiss,  
The same to father, sister, brother,  
    All round, nor one would miss.

She seldom spake, she speaks no longer ;  
She sleeps beneath yon rose,  
'Tis well for us, that ties no stronger  
Awaken memory's woes.  
For oh, our hearts would sure be broken,  
Already drained of tears,  
If frequent tones by her outspoken,  
Still lingered in our ears.

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Earthly Tons, and Heavenly.

ANONYMOUS.

YES, I must mingle with the throng  
The pleasure-seeking crowd ;  
Must join their gay alluring song,  
With heart and spirit bowed ;  
Must wear a happy, smiling face,  
And act a cheerful part,  
My brow ne'er show the outward trace  
Of grief that wrings my heart.  
They little deem my weary soul  
Doth mournful vigils keep  
Beside the grave of one it loved—  
Now wrapped in dreamless sleep.  
That when this heart so light appears,



Its thoughts are far away,  
'Mid happier scenes of other years,  
Too purely bright to stay.  
But oh ! to me, what mockery  
These gilded pleasures seem,  
False, fleeting shadows, luring on  
Like some illusive dream.  
Oh how my spirit longs to soar  
From these false joys away,  
To some far distant, tranquil shore,  
Where grief can hold no sway,  
Where heavenly love each bosom warms  
With pure, angelic joy,  
Where freed from earthly clouds and storms  
Our pleasures ne'er shall cloy.

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*Jeune Fille et Jeune Fleur.*

CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE bier descends, the spotless roses too,  
The father's tribute in his saddest hour :  
Oh Earth ! that bore them both, thou hast thy due,  
The fair young girl and flower.

Give them not back unto a world again,  
Where mourning, grief, and agony have power,  
Where winds destroy, and sun's malignant reign—  
That fair young girl and flower.

Lightly thou sleepest, young Eliza, now,  
Nor fear'st the burning heat, nor chilling shower ;  
They both have perished in their morning glow—  
The fair young girl and flower.

But he, thy sire, whose furrowed brow is pale,  
Bends lost in sorrow o'er thy funeral bower ;  
And Time the old oak's roots doth now assail,  
Oh fair young girl and flower !

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On the Death of a Sister.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

—MAN is born to suffer. On the doo.,  
Sickness has set her mark ; and now no more  
Laughter within we hear, or wood-notes wild,  
As of a mother singing to her child ;  
All now in anguish from that room retire,

Where a young cheek glows with consuming fire,  
And innocence breathes contagion—from her alone  
The medicine cup is taken. Through the night  
And through the day, that with its dreary light  
Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,  
Watching the changes with an anxious eye :  
While they without, listening below, above,  
(Who but in sorrow know how much they love !)  
From every little noise catch hope and fear,  
Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,  
Whispers and sighs, and smiles all tenderness  
That would in vain the startling tear repress.  
Such grief was ours—it seems but yesterday,  
When in thy prime, wishing so much to stay,  
'Twas thine, Maria, thine without a sigh  
At midnight in a sister's arms to die !  
Oh thou wert lovely, lovely was thy frame,  
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came,  
And when recall'd to join the blest above,  
Thou died'st a victim to exceeding love,  
Nursing the young to health. In happier hours,  
When idle fancy wove luxuriant flowers,  
Once in thy mirth, thou bad'st me write on thee ;  
And now I write—what thou shalt never see !

*Song of the Silent Land.*

FROM THE GERMAN.

INTO the Silent Land !

Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,  
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand,

Who leads us with a gentle hand

Thither, oh, thither,

Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !

To you, ye boundless regions

Of all perfection ! Tender morning visions

Of beauteous souls ! The Future's pledge and hand !

Who in Life's battle firm doth stand

Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms

Into the Silent Land !

Oh Land! oh Land!  
For all the broken-hearted,  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
Into the land of the great departed,  
Into the Silent Land!

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*The Resurrection.*

JOHN PEARSON.

EVERY space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their groves, revive, and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with

famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and being corrupted, may revive and multiply; our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, shall be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration, but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions, and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly favorable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods, but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence into a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this indeed, we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon his power we must conclude that we may, from his will that we shall, rise from the dead.

**DEATH**

IN THE

AUTUMN OF WISDOM AND FRUITION.





Proem.

“ Weep not for those  
 Who sink within the arms of death,  
 Ere yet the chilling wintry breath  
     Of sorrow o’er them blows.  
 But weep for them who here remain  
 The mournful heritors of pain,  
 Condemn’d to see each bright joy fade,  
 And mark grief’s melancholy shade  
     Flung o’er Hope’s fairest rose.”—EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE mother in the summer of her bloom,  
 Lays tear-dewed spring flowers on her infant’s tomo;  
 Young men and maidens cluster weeping by,  
 Where young fair forms like broken lilies lie;  
 But when the strong man, whose broad shoulder bears  
 The weight of civil rule and private cares,  
 Or she, within whose warm maternal breast,  
 The precious jewels of a household rest;  
 O’er these, when stricken from their wonted spheres,  
 The young, the strong, the hoary drop their tears;  
 For ’tis as when the stormy wind uproots  
 The tree rich laden with well ripening fruits,

As when the stalks are strong, and harvest near,  
A mildew blights the wheat within the ear,  
As if the autumn sun, at noon of day,  
Did hide his glory from the earth away,  
As if the fount had suddenly run dry,  
Which all our lives had yielded full supply;  
We feel a loss that cannot be replaced,  
And life's most stately scenes appear but waste.

They had achieved a name, attained a place,  
Their words and deeds wrought blessings to their race;  
And many a vacant spot in life is left,  
And many a heart of its strong stay bereft.  
For these the lofty and the lowly weep,  
For these the widowed hearts sad vigils keep;  
In grief the orphan sobs its strength away,  
And little children hush their prattle gay;  
By these the warmest drops of grief are shed,  
The tears of childhood for a parent dead.

Blind unbelief, low grovelling near the sod,  
Asks, "Was this well or wisely done, oh God!  
Thus to destroy a noble work of thine—  
A marvellous creation—half divine?  
Thus at the noon of life to crush away

A people's counsellor, a household's stay ;  
To quench the fire of Genius' searching eye,  
And strike a light of Science from the sky ;  
To dash the earnest hope, the weighty trust,  
And lay life's half-raised fabric in the dust,  
Deny us all the good their life had done,  
And leave uncrowned great tasks so well begun ;  
That thou shouldst slay them in strong wisdom's years ?  
We cannot see the justice, hence our tears.  
Is there not many a form which walks the earth,  
Whose way has been accursed from its birth,  
And o'er whose bier the fondest friend might say,  
Thank heaven ! one sufferer less doth live to-day !  
No infant cherub, o'er whose pain-racked head  
Are angel watchers, praying it were dead ?  
Are there not countless beings, sunk so low  
In helpless, hopeless, wickedness and woe,  
That friendship knows them not, and love has fled,  
And dust itself recoils beneath their tread ?  
Is there not he—the hoary-headed one,  
Whose mortal task is finished, and well done,  
To whom the joys of life no longer come,  
Whose yearnings all do cluster round the tomb,  
Who sits in weary pain, and thus doth wait  
The footsteps of the angel at the gate ?  
Why was not Death commanded to appease  
His gorgeless appetite with such as these ?”

With low but earnest whisper, Faith replies,  
    "Impotent mortal! Is it well or wise  
Thus to arraign God's holy providence,  
And judge his wisdom deep by finite sense?  
Vainly we question His unerring will—  
All spheres, and planets vast, obey it still,  
And Peace hath fellowship with such alone  
As unto God avow, 'Thy will be done.'  
We mourn the loss the living do sustain,  
No words can tell what bliss the dead do gain;  
Nor do we know what agonies and fears  
Did lurk to crush them in this vale of tears;  
Or spared by Death to pass th' autumnal noon,  
They must have tread life's wintry valley soon.  
Would'st thou that manly form should all decay,  
Its strength wax frail, its beauty fade away,  
The eye grow dim, the once susceptible ear  
Refuse the sweetest voice of love to hear?  
Couldst thou have watched the intellect depart,  
Inertia fasten on the brain and heart,  
Till helpless, joyless, hopeless, racked with pain,  
They pray for death, and sigh, but wait in vain?"

Why should we view bland Death as a grim foe  
Feasting on human life and human woe?  
Does not the pain, the agony, the strife,  
The fear, the parting, all belong to life?

'Tis Death that bids Time's fitful struggle cease,  
And lays upon the brow the seal of peace,  
That sacred seal, which wrong, or fear, or pain,  
Remorse, or grief, shall never break again.

Lo! the freed spirit! Who shall say how fair,  
How glorious its eternal mansions are!  
Where Life and Light conjoin with Love and Truth,  
And seraphs crown with everlasting youth.  
Where Deity, supreme, benignant, true,  
Shall be revealed effulgent to the view,  
Then, wherefore do the stricken living shed  
Great tears of sorrow for the blessed dead,  
Since though the summons come at morn, or noon,  
'Tis never said in heaven, "We came too soon!"

ROSALIE BELL.

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Death and Immortal Life.

ROBERT HALL.

IF the Scripture doctrine of immortality is entitled to weight in the regulation of life, its influence is not less sovereign in dispelling the terrors of death, and consoling us under the loss of our dearest friends and relatives. "I

would not have you be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not as others who have no hope ; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God. Then we which are alive, and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air ; so shall we be ever with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." And who can fail being penetrated with the divine consolation they afford ? If ever Christianity appears in its power, it is when it erects its trophies on the tomb ; when it takes up its votaries where the world leaves them, and fills the breast with immortal hopes in dying moments. Nor are the words I have quoted adapted to support the mind of a Christian in the view of his own dissolution only ; they administer the firmest support amidst the breaches which death is continually making in the Church of Christ. A degree of sorrow on such occasions, nature compels us to feel, and religion does not condemn. At the decease of Lazarus, while his sisters were lamenting his loss, "Jesus wept." But the sorrow which a Christian feels on such occasions is mingled with hope. By the light of faith he traces his deceased friends into an eternal world. Instead of considering them as lost or extinct, he beholds them under the eye of Divine Providence. The period of their

trial is closed ; they have entered into rest, where sheltered from the storms of life and the dangers of temptation, their happiness is forever fixed and unalterable. Their separation is neither final nor complete. The pious living and the pious dead are still one family, under one head ; and when he “ who is their life shall appear they shall appear together with him in glory.”



The Blessed Welcome.

W. C. BRYANT.

THERE shall He welcome thee, when thou shalt stand  
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet  
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,  
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet ;  
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,  
Life's early glory to thine eyes ; again  
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill  
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Here and There : the Home Below, and the Home Above.

HANNAH MORE.

HERE, bliss is short, imperfect, insecure ;  
But total, absolute, and perfect *there*.  
*Here*, time's a moment, short our happiest state ;  
*There*, infinite duration is our date.  
*Here*, Satan tempts, and troubles e'en the best ;  
*There* Satan's power extends not to the blest.  
In a weak, simple body, *here* I dwell,  
But *there* I drop this frail and sickly shell,  
*Here*, my best thoughts are stained with guilt and fear ;  
But love and pardon shall be perfect *there*.  
*Here*, my best duties are defiled with sin ;  
*There*, all is ease without, and peace within.  
*Here*, feeble faith supplies my only light ;  
*There*, faith and hope are swallowed up in sight.  
*Here*, love of self my fairest works destroys,  
*There*, love of God shall perfect all my joys.  
*Here*, things as in a glass, are darkly shown,  
*There*, I shall know as clearly as I'm known.



Frail are the fairest flowers that bloom below ;  
*There*, freshest palms on roots immortal grow.  
*Here*, wants and cares perplex my anxious mind ;  
But spirits *there* a calm fruition find.  
*Here*, disappointments my best schemes destroy ;  
*There*, those that sowed in tears shall reap in joy.  
*Here*, vanity is stamped on all below ;  
Perfection, *there*, on every good shall grow.  
*Here*, my fond heart is fastened on some friend,  
Whose kindness may, whose life must have an end ;  
But *there* no failure can I ever prove,  
God cannot disappoint, for God is love.  
*Here*, Christ for sinners suffered, groaned, and bled ;  
But *there*, he reigns the great triumphant Head.  
*Here*, mocked and scourged, he wore a crown of thorns ;  
A crown of glory *there* his brow adorns.  
*Here*, error clouds the will and dims the sight ;  
*There*, all is knowledge, purity and light.  
*Here*, so imperfect is this mortal state,  
If blest myself, I mourn some other's fate—  
At every human woe I *here* repine ;  
The joy of every saint shall *there* be mine.  
*Here*, if I lean, the world shall pierce my heart ,  
But *there*, that broken reed and I shall part.  
*Here*, on no promised good can I depend ;  
But *there*, the Rock of ages is my friend.  
*Here*, if some sudden joy delight inspire,

The dread to lose it damps the rising fire ;  
But *there*, whatever good the soul employ,  
The thought that 'tis eternal, crowns the joy.



Future Recognition.

LESLIE.

THAT every inhabitant of the blissful world will be as much distinguished from all the rest as one man is distinguished from another in this world, is a sentiment fully supported by the word of God. And though John says, that when Christ shall appear, the righteous will be like him, yet that same apostle, in the apocalyptic vision, saw that the righteous and the Saviour were not so much alike but that he could distinguish the Lamb amidst the throng, that he could mark the elders amidst the angels, and that he could know the martyrs amidst the innumerable company. And to this same apostle, along with James and Peter, it was also granted on the mount of transfiguration, to see that there was such a difference between one celestial inhabitant and another, that Moses could be plainly distinguished from his companion Elias.

If, therefore, every heavenly inhabitant is to preserve his own special identity, and if we are to be blessed with the

faculty of vision—a truth which none will dispute—what then will prevent our recognizing all the pious whom we have known, and with whom we have been associated on earth? The thought is delightful; and its delight is increased, because the fact is certain. The dead in Christ have only reached their home first; but as their home is to be our home, and their abode to be our abode, at the appointed time we shall meet again, and the joy of meeting will be increased by the temporary separation.



*The Words of Sweetest Meaning.*

S. M. S.

THE words of sweetest meaning  
To erring mortals given,  
Of purest, deepest feeling,  
Are Mother, Home, and Heaven!  
They come like seraph voices  
Upon the list'ning ear,  
Like strains of heavenly music  
Low sounding from afar.  
*Mother!* there's music in the word,  
That thrills through every vein,  
And wakes the feelings of the heart  
To life and love again,

That wins the wayward wanderer back  
From paths of sin and shame,  
And urges on to noble deeds  
Of virtue, love and fame.  
Yes! the magic name of Motner  
Makes music in the heart—  
The name first lisped in childhood's dawn,  
'Tis of our life a part;  
And coldly must that bosom throb,  
Devoid of love the soul,  
That is not moved to goodly deeds,  
Through such endeared control.

What memories cluster round the name of "Home!"  
As we review the pages of the past,  
Or think of trials that are yet to come,  
Or joys with which our changeful lot is cast.  
And those who wander in some distant clime,  
Though fair the land in which their footsteps roam,  
Their thoughts still wander to the happy time  
When *mother's* voice shall greet them in their *home*.

The thoughts of heaven steal o'er the soul  
With mild and soothing sway,  
Teaching of life beyond the grave,  
And of celestial day,

Of peace to every troubled heart,  
Of rest from toil and care ;  
The Christian's watchword here on earth,  
His dearest hopes are there.  
And when the heart would fain rebel,  
The spirit whispers, "all is well ;"  
Though ties of love on earth are riven,  
There's rest for weary ones in Heaven !

And of these words of beauty,  
I know not which is best ;  
They speak of love and happiness,  
And *one* of sacred rest.  
I think that *Heaven* is sweetest,  
And yet I cannot tell,  
For *Mother* swells the heart with love,  
And *Home* has charms as well.  
Then let the three *united* be,  
Nor should the tie be riven,  
For words of holy melody  
Are Mother—Home—and Heaven !

*The Dying Mother.*

E. H. EVANS.

Now for the last sad look,  
The last, faint, cold embrace,  
The latest kiss my love may print  
Upon her cherub face.

Here—lay her on my breast ;  
I well may bear the pain,  
Since never will this heart beat warm  
Beneath her weight again.

She smiles—alas, *that* smile !  
Her eyes with joy grow bright—  
So blest to be with me once more  
She shouts with wild delight.

How warm upon my cheek  
Her dimpled fingers press—  
How much of thrilling life there is  
E'en in each silken tress.

See, with what earnest love  
Her eyes are fixed on mine,  
And yet a strange, mysterious awe  
Seems in their depths to shine.

Thus once—oh, chide me not,  
Or this poor heart will break ;  
My pride—my loveliest ! may my God  
Bless thee, for Jesus' sake.

May He, who loved to fold  
Fair childhood in His arms,  
Beneath His wings of holiest love  
Bless thy unveiling charms.

And when Death's angel comes  
Thy spirit to dismiss !  
Oh, may the Saviour's voice of love  
Whisper that thou art His.

One kiss—my form grows chill,  
My hands relax their hold,  
And she—she shudders at the touch  
Of lips so icy cold !

Ay, bear her from my sight,  
The bitterness is past,  
But yet one charge my spirit leaves,  
A dying one—the *last* !

Oh, bid her love my name,  
And make all times and hours  
Sweet teachers of her mother's love,  
And its immortal powers.

When to the morning's light  
Her soft blue eyes uncloze,  
Tell her, her mother hovered near,  
To watch her sweet repose.

And when the stars look down,  
And silence walks abroad,  
Tell her, at such a tranquil hour  
My spirit sought its God.

I come : sweet voices call—  
Strange glory round me gleams !  
Jesus, and angels—life, farewell !  
I *waken* from my dream.



*Absent and Present.*

JOSEPH BELCHER.

SOME years ago, a popular clergyman in London, since deceased, preached a sermon occasioned by the death of one of his congregation. In the course of it, he pointed, with great animation, his finger to the pew heretofore occupied by his friend, and uttered the word "*Absent!*" A second or two only elapsed, and the finger was pointed upwards, and the word, "*Present!*" thrilled like a hymn of consolation through the church. What the text used by my reverend friend on that occasion was, I know not; but the recollection of the fact as it was related to me, has more than once suggested the beautiful language of Paul in connection with the deceased believer in Jesus, "*Absent from the body, present with the Lord.*"

"*Absent from the body!*" Who that has looked on Christians, while exposed to all the sufferings and diseases of the present life, and has thought of the enemies, the temptations, and the privations to which they are exposed, but feels the high privilege of being taken to that land

where there is neither sickness nor tears, neither darkness nor death, neither poverty nor privation, neither enemy nor inconvenience, and, above all, neither sin nor the possibility of its future entrance? Oh, it is indeed a high privilege to be absent from the body!

Not a few Christians, however, are "through fear of death all their life-time subject to bondage." They fear death itself more than its results, the dark valley rather than what may lie beyond. But why should the believer in Jesus have a fear on this subject? Is there not the promise of a Saviour's presence? and is not the journey merely crossing the valley leading from the church below to "mount Zion above?" "And is this," asked a dying Christian, "is this death that I have been so long fearing? It is, after all, only walking with the Saviour from one room to another." Many years ago, three or four aged ministers sat talking at midnight on the joys of a future state of purity, when one of them, while eloquently speaking on the subject, leaned back his head, and passed in a moment to its joys. Where were the pains of death to him? An eminent Christian lady, whom I well knew, the wife of a devoted minister in London, retired in apparent health from the performance of some household duty, and in a few minutes was found sitting—no! not *she*, but her body was found reclining—on the sofa in the parlor, with a sweet smile resting on its face—the spirit was absent from the body—present with the Lord!"

*"Present with the Lord!"* What can be wanted more than this to constitute perfect bliss—eternal happiness? Present with the "fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore"—the unchanging residents of that happy world where all the holy beings of the universe have been attracted to each other, and every one reposes perfect confidence in all the rest. Present where entire holiness of character is attained, where every member of Christ's mystical body has been brought, and where no separation can ever again take place!

"Oh, who this dark world would not leave,  
And cheerfully die to be there."

Beloved reader! look, we beseech you, carefully at this whole matter; secure the friendship of your final Judge; cultivate meetness for heaven; rise above earth, labor for conformity to the image of Christ, "and so shall you be for ever with the Lord."

*Elegy at the Grave of my Father.*

GOETHE.

BLEST are they who slumber in the Lord ;  
Thou, too, oh my father, thou art blest ;  
Angels came to crown thee ; at their word,  
Thou hast gone to share the heavenly rest.

Roaming through the boundless, starry sky,  
What is now to thee this earthly clod ?  
At a glance ten thousand suns sweep by,  
While thou gazest on the face of God.

In thy sight the eternal record lies ;  
Thou dost drink from life's immortal wells ;  
Midnight's mazy mist before thee flies,  
And in heavenly day thy spirit dwells.

Yet beneath thy dazzling victor's crown,  
Thou dost send a father's look to me ;  
At Jehovah's throne thou fallest down,  
And Jehovah, hearing, answereth thee.

Father, oh, when life's last drops are wasting,  
Those dear drops which God's own earth are given,  
When my soul the pangs of death is tasting,  
To my dying bed come down from heaven !

Let thy cooling palm wave freshly o'er me,  
Sinking to the dark and silent tomb ;  
Let the awful vales be bright before me,  
Where the flowers of resurrection bloom.

Then with thine my soul shall soar through heaven  
With the same unfading glory blest ;  
For a home one star to us be given,  
In the Father's bosom we shall rest.

Then bloom on, gay tufts of scented roses,  
O'er his grave your sweetest fragrance shed,  
And while here his sacred dust reposes,  
Silence, reign around his lowly bed !

## Life. and Death.

FROM THE SWEDISH.

At morning I stood on the mountain's brow,  
In its May wreath crowned, and there  
Saw day rise in gold and in purple glow,  
And I cried, "Oh Life, how fair!"

As the birds in the bowers their lay began,  
When the dawning time was nigh,  
So wakened for song in the breast of man  
A passion heroic and high.

My spirit then felt the longing to soar  
From home afar in its flight,  
To roam, like the sun, still from shore to shore,  
A creator of flowers and light.

At even I stood on the mountain's brow,  
And, rapt in devotion and prayer,  
Saw night rise in silver and purple glow,  
And I cried, "Oh Death, how fair!"

And when that the soft evening wind so meek,  
With its balmy breathing came,  
It seemed as though Nature then kissed my cheek  
And tenderly sighed my name !

I saw the vast Heaven encompassing all,  
Like children the stars to her came ;  
The exploits of man then seemed to me small,  
Naught great save the Infinite's name.

Ah ! how unheeded all charms which invest  
The joys and the hopes that men prize,  
While the eternal thoughts in the poet's breast,  
Like stars in the heavens arise !



*The Lesson of a Parent's Death.*

WILLIAM JAY.

THE death of a parent has been useful. His expiring change has never been forgotten. The thought of separation forever from one so loved and valued, has awakened in the son a salutary fear. Returning from a father's grave, he has met with God, saying, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me? My Father! thou art the guide of my youth!" And the death of the parent has proved the life of the child.

Farewell to my Friends.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

Oh! wear no mourning weeds for me,  
When I am laid i' the ground!  
Oh! shed no tears for one whose sleep  
Will then be sweet and sound!

Only, my friends! do this for me;  
Pluck many a pale primrose,  
And strew them on my shroud, before  
The coffin lid they close.

And lay the heart's-ease on my breast  
(Meet emblem there 'twill be),  
And gently place in my cold hand  
A sprig of rosemary.

And by the buried bones of those  
When living I loved best,  
See me at last laid quietly;  
Then leave me to my rest.



And when the church-bell tolls for me,  
    Its last, long, hollow knell ;  
As the deep murmur dies away  
    Bid me a kind farewell.

And stay, methinks there's something yet  
    I'd fain request of ye ;  
Something, I'd bid ye comfort, keep,  
    Or love, for love of me.

My nurse ! oh, she will only wait  
    Till I am fast asleep,  
Then close beside me, stealthily,  
    To her own pillow creep.

My dog ! poor fellow ! Let him not  
    Know hunger, hardship, wrong ;  
But he is old and feeble too,  
    He will not miss me long.

My dwelling ! that will pass away  
    To those, when I am gone,  
Will raise the lowly edifice  
    To its foundation stone.

My flowers ! that in deep loveliness  
Have been as friends to me ;  
My garden ! that let run to waste,  
A common field will be.

My picture ! that's already yours—  
Resemblance true, ye say ;  
Oh, true indeed ! a thing of dust,  
That vanisheth away !

My harp ! but that's a fairy gift,  
I can bequeathe to none ;  
Unearthly hands will take it back  
When the last strain is done.

So then, I've nothing more to ask,  
And little left to give ;  
And yet I know in your kind hearts,  
My memory will live.

And so farewell, my dear good friends !  
And farewell, world, to thee ;  
I part with some in love, with all  
In peace and charity.

“Earth to Earth, and Dust to Dust.”

CROLY.

“EARTH to earth, and dust to dust !”

Here the evil and the just,  
Here the youthful and the old,  
Here the fearful and the bold,  
Here the matron and the maid,  
In one silent bed are laid ;  
Here the vassal and the king,  
Side by side lie withering ;  
Here the sword and sceptre rust,  
“Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

Age on age shall roll along,  
O'er this pale and mighty throng ;  
Those that wept them, those that weep,  
All shall with these sleepers sleep.  
Brothers, sisters of the worm,  
Summer's sun, or winter's storm,

Song of peace or battle's roar,  
Ne'er shall break their slumbers more ;  
Death shall keep his sullen trust—  
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

But a day is coming fast,  
Earth, thy mightiest and thy last,  
It shall come in fear and wonder,  
Heralded by trumps and thunder ;  
It shall come in strife and toil,  
It shall come in blood and spoil,  
It shall come in empires' groans,  
Burning temples, trampled thrones ;  
Then, ambition, rue thy lust ;  
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

Then shall come the judgment sign ;  
In the East the king shall shine ;  
Flashing from heaven's golden gate,  
Thousand thousands round his state,  
Spirits with the crown and plume ;  
Tremble then, thou silent tomb !  
Heaven shall open on our sight,  
Earth be turned to living light,  
Kingdoms of the ransom'd just—  
“ Earth to earth, and dust to dust !”

Then shall, gorgeous as a gem,  
 Shine thy mount, Jerusalem ;  
 Then shall in the desert rise  
 Fruits of more than Paradise ;  
 Earth by angel feet be trod,  
 One great garden of her God ;  
 Till are dried the martyr's tears,  
 Through a glorious thousand years :  
 Now in hope of him we trust—  
 "Earth to earth, and dust to dust!"



On the Death of a Country Clergyman.

FROM THE GERMAN.

If in departed souls the power remain  
 These earthly scenes to visit once again,  
 Not in the night thy visit wilt thou make,  
 When only sorrowing and longing wake ;  
 No ! in some summer morning's light serene,  
 When not a cloud upon the sky is seen,  
 When high the golden harvest rears its head,  
 All interspersed with flowers of blue and red,  
 Thou, as of yore, around the fields wilt walk,  
 Greeting the reapers with mild, friendly talk.

*Death of a True Wife.*

FROM THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF DR. TUCKERMAN.

WILLIAM E. CHANNING.

HER reserve and shrinking delicacy threw a veil over her beautiful character. She was little known beyond her home ; but there she silently spread around her that soft pure light, the preciousness of which is never fully understood till it is quenched. Her calm, gentle wisdom, her sweetly humility, her sympathy, which, though tender, was too serene to disturb her clear perception, fitted her to act instinctively, and without the consciousness of either party, on his more sanguine, ardent mind. She was truly a spirit of good, diffusing a tranquilizing influence too mildly to be thought of, and therefore more sure. The blow which took her from him left a wound which time could not heal. Had his strength been continued so that he could have gone from the house of mourning to the haunts of poverty, he would have escaped, for a good part of the day, the sense of his bereavements. But a few minutes' walk in the street now sent him wearied home. There the loving eye which

had so long brightened at his entrance was to shed its mild beam no more. There the voice which had daily inquired into his labors, and like another conscience had whispered a sweet approval, was still. There the sympathy which had pressed with tender hand his aching head, and by its nursing care had postponed the hour of exhaustion and disease, was gone. He was not indeed left alone; for filial love and reverence spared no soothing offices; but these, though felt and spoken of as most precious, could not take the place of what had been removed. This great loss produced no burst of grief. It was a still, deep sorrow, the feeling of a mighty void, the last burden which the spirit can cast off. His attachment to life from this moment sensibly declined. In seasons of peculiar sensibility he wished to be gone. He kept near him the likeness of his departed friends, and spoke of the solace which he had found in it. He heard her voice from another world, and his anticipations of that world, always strong, became now more vivid and touching.

Longing for Reunion with the Dead.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

—FULL oft the innocent sufferer sees  
Too clearly, feels too vividly, and longs  
To realize the vision with intense  
And ever constant yearning; there, there lies  
The excess by which the balance is destroy'd.  
Too, too contracted are these walls of flesh,  
This vital warmth too cold, these visual orbs,  
Though inconceivably endow'd, too dim,  
For any passion of the soul that leads  
To ecstasy; and all the crooked paths  
Of time and change disdaining, takes its course  
Along the line of limitless desire.



*The Future of the Soul.*

HERDER.

Look at the heavens, God's star writing, the primeval tradition of our immortality, the luminous chart of our far pilgrimage! Where does the universe end? And why do rays come down to us from yonder farthest star? Why have there been given to man the glance and the flaming light of immortal hopes? Why, when we have been exhausted with the rays of the sun, and bound fast to the dust all the day, does God unveil to us at night this sublime field of infinite eternal prospects? We stand lost amid the host of the worlds of God—lost in the abyss of his immensity round about us. And what should bind my spirit to this weary sand grain, when my body, the hull, has sunk into the ground? All the laws which bind me here evidently relate to my body only; that is formed of this earth and must return to this earth again. The laws of motion, the pressure of the atmosphere, everything confines that, and only that here below. The spirit once escaped, once rid of the delicate but strong bands of sense, impulse,

propensity, duty, and custom which bind us to this little sphere of visibility, what earthly power can hold it longer? What law of nature has been discovered which should compel souls to revolve in this narrow race-course? The spirit is raised above the bounds of time; it despises space, and the slow movements of earth. Once disembodied, it is immediately in its place, its sphere, in the new kingdom to which it belongs. Perhaps that kingdom is around us, and we perceive it not; perhaps it is near us, and we know not of it, except in occasional moments of happy fore-feeling, when the soul, as it were, attracts it to itself, or it the soul. Perhaps, too, there are appointed for us places of rest, regions of preparation—other worlds in which, as on a golden heaven ladder, ever lighter, more active and blest, we may climb upwards to the fountain of all light, ever seeking, never reaching, the centre of our pilgrimage—the bosom of the Godhead. For we are, and must ever be, limited, imperfect, finite beings. But wherever I may be, through whatever worlds I may be led, I shall remain forever in the hands of the Father who has brought me hither, and who calls me further; forever in the infinite bosom of God.

## Comfort in Affliction.

ANONYMOUS.

OH, thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,  
How dark this world would be,  
If, when deceiv'd and wounded here,  
We could not fly to thee !  
The friends who in our sunshine live,  
When winter comes, are flown ;  
And he who has but tears to give,  
Must weep those tears alone ;  
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,  
Which, like the plants that throw  
Their fragrance from the wounded part,  
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,  
And e'en the hope that threw  
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,  
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too !

Oh, who could bear life's stormy doom,  
Did not thy wing of love  
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,  
One Peace-Branch from above?  
Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright  
With more than rapture's ray,  
As darkness shows us worlds of light  
We never saw by day.

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On Seeing the Miniature of a Deceased Friend.

R. W. CUSHMAN.

It is mouldering to dust, in the grave dark and dreary,  
That form by the clod of the valley is press'd;  
But 'tis sweet to the Christian, when bed-worn and weary,  
To find from the ills of mortality *rest*.  
I would not again, though my heart has been anguish'd  
While reading these features the pencil has drawn,  
And memory calls up her form as it languish'd,  
And tells me her spirit has left it and gone:  
I would not again, though the power were given,  
To life's evanescence that loved one restore—  
For she rests, sweetly rests, with her Saviour in heaven,  
And drinks of the cup of affliction no more.

## A Churchyard Colloquy.

HENRY ALFORD.

COME, let us talk of Death, and sweetly play  
With his black locks, and listen for a while  
To the lone music of the passing wind  
In the rank grass that waves above his bed.  
Is it not wonderful, the darkest day  
Of all the days of life—the hardest wrench  
That tries the coward sense, should mix itself  
In all our gentlest and most joyous moods,  
A not unwelcome visitant—that Thought,  
In her quaint wanderings, may not reach a spot  
Of lavish beauty, but the spectre form  
Meets her with greeting, and she gives herself  
To his mysterious converse? I have roam'd  
Through many mazes of unregistered  
And undetermined fancy; and I know  
That when the air grows balmy to my feel  
And rarer light falls on me, and sweet sounds  
Dance tremulously round my captive ears,

I soon shall stumble on some moulded grave ;  
 And ever of the thoughts that stay with me,  
 (There are that flit away) the *pleasantest*  
 Is hand in hand with death ; and my bright hopes,  
 Like the strange colors of divided light,  
 Fade into pale, uncertain violet  
 About some hallowed precinct. Can it be  
 That there are blessed mem'ries joined with death,  
 Of those that parted peacefully, and words  
 That cling about our hearts, utter'd between  
 The day and darkness, in Life's twilight time ?

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Death not the End of Man.

BEATTIE.

SHALL I be left abandoned in the dust,  
 When fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?  
 Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,  
 Deny him, doomed to perish, hope to live ?  
 Is it for this fair virtue oft must strive  
 With disappointment, penury and pain ?  
 No ; heaven's immortal spring shall yet arrive,  
 And man's majestic beauty bloom again,  
 Bright through the eternal year of love's triumphant  
 reign.

*Reunion in Heaven.*

A. C. THOMPSON.

WHAT friend in heaven do we most desire to see? No one can enter there whose heart looks not first of all at him who is seated on the great white throne. What are our ideas of the city of God? Is not Christ the light thereof? Is not the glory which he had before the world was, to be there displayed? Did the Eternal Son take a human form?—in it agonize in Gethsemane, be scourged in the judgment hall, crucified on Golgotha, sleep in the sepulchre, and rise to heaven, and shall any other human form divert the eye from that? Are those the scars that speak of precious blood once shed for you? Are those the lips that cried “It is finished?” And will we soon withdraw our gaze? No; much as we love all other friends, there is one in the kingdom of heaven who will make us temporarily forget them all. For years—if there be years there—ay, for centuries, it may be, will the Lamb of God absorb our souls. When we reach the city of God, we shall not, first of all, grasp the hands of present acquaintances. Of such

an affront to the proprieties of heaven, no one, presented at the court of the King of kings, was ever guilty. Bowing down in such gratitude as we never knew before, gazing in a holy ecstasy of love, breaking forth into high and ceaseless praises, there shall we stand age after age. Not, it may be, till the world has been burnt up—not till the elect have all been gathered home to their Father's house, shall we think of looking away from that brightness of the Father's glory, our Saviour, our dear Redeemer. Eternity will be long enough for all the sanctified attachments of earth to have full scope.

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*The Abode of the Blest.*

BOWRING.

THE golden palace of my God  
    Towering above the clouds I see,  
Beyond the cherub's bright abode,  
    Higher than angels' thoughts can be :  
How can I in those courts appear,  
    Without a wedding garment on ?  
Conduct me, thou Life-giver, there,  
    Conduct me to thy glorious throne ;  
And clothe me with thy robes of light,  
And lead me through sin's darksome night,  
    My Saviour and my God.



*Friends in Heaven.*

BISHOP MANT.

I COUNT the hope no day-dream of the mind,  
No vision fair of transitory hue,  
The souls of those, whom once on earth we knew,  
And loved, and walked with in communion kind,  
Departed hence, again in heaven to find.  
Such hope to nature's sympathies is true ;  
And such, we deem, the Holy Word to view  
Upholds ; an antidote for grief designed,  
One drop from comfort's well. 'Tis true we read  
The Book of Life ; but if we read amiss,  
By God prepared, fresh treasures shall succeed  
To kinsmen, fellows, friends, a vast abyss  
Of joy ; nor ought the longing spirit need  
To fill its measure of enormous bliss.

*The Departed.*

ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

WHEN some beloved voice, which was to you  
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,  
And silence against which you dare not cry  
Aches round you with an anguish dreadly new—  
What hope, what help? What music will undo  
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,  
Not reason's labor'd proof, not melody  
Of viols, nor the dancers footing through;  
Not songs of poets, nor of rightingales,  
Whose hearts leap upward from the cypress tree,  
To Venus' star! Nor yet the spheric laws  
Self-chanted—nor the angels' sweet "all hails,"  
Met in the smile of God! Nay, none of these!  
Speak, Christ at his right hand, and fill this pause.

*The Angelic Song.*

JOHN MILTON.

To our high raised phantasy present  
That undisturbed song of pure consent,  
Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne,  
To him that sits thereon,

With saintly shout, and solemn jubilee,  
Where the bright seraphim, in burning row,  
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow ;  
And the cherubic host, in thousand choirs,  
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,  
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms,  
Hymns devout and holy psalms  
Singing everlastingly.

*Funeral Anthem.*

HENRY HART MILMAN.

BROTHER thou hast gone before us,  
And thy saintly soul has flown  
Where tears are wiped from every eye,  
And sorrow is unknown ;  
From the burden of the flesh,  
And from care and fear released,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,  
And borne the heavy load,  
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet  
To reach his blest abode.  
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,  
Upon his Father's breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,  
Nor doubt thy faith assail,  
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ  
And the Holy Spirit fail.  
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,  
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

“Earth to Earth,” and “dust to dust,”  
The solemn priest hath said,  
So we lay the turf above thee now,  
And we seal thy narrow bed :  
But thy spirit, brother, soars away  
Among the faithful blest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,  
Whom thou hast left behind,  
May we untainted by the world,  
As sure a welcome find ;  
May each, like thee, depart in peace,  
To be a glorious guest,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest.

## To the Departed.

ANONYMOUS.

THY rest is with the fallen great,  
The sons of earthly pride,  
Where hundreds, in their last cold state,  
Are slumbering at thy side.  
The warrior and his bride are there,  
With hands upraised in silent prayer ;  
And he, whose high and stately look  
The strength of adverse senates shook.  
Dim through these long and shadowy aisles,  
The entering moonbeam sadly smiles,  
O'er many a shield and helm of price,  
And many a rich and fair device ;  
And faint from arch and mouldering stone  
The night-wind lifts its fitful moan,  
As telling in its wild lament  
Of faded power and glories spent ;  
Or mourning over names forgot,  
Around the consecrated spot,

Where dust with kindred dust recline,  
The latest of thy ancient line.  
Oh ! better had thy tomb been made  
    Beneath the unbounded sky,  
Where tree and flower might cast their shade,  
    And summer breezes sigh :  
There should the fading evening sleep,  
And morn her tears of fragrance weep,  
And the faint stars, at daylight's close,  
Watch o'er thy still and deep repose :  
For thou wert as Forgiveness mild—  
Retiring Nature's humble child ;  
With glance of love and tongue of praise,  
For all that met thy lovely gaze.  
The mist-wreath'd hill by tempests riven,  
The blue and earth-encircling heaven,  
The hurrying cloud and glistening sea,  
Teem'd with a mystic life for thee ;  
But from the charm, whose fetters hold  
The weak, the senseless, and the cold—  
The voice of fame, the lure of pride—  
Thy gentle spirit turned aside :  
Too meek the eye of scorn to brook,  
Or stern detraction's withering look.  
As blooms the flower in desert rude,  
As sings the bird in solitude,  
As fairest shines, removed from sight,

The insect lamp of deepening night—  
Mild, blest and blessing, to the last,  
Thine earthly pilgrimage was past,  
With influence, like that swelling strain,  
When winds are wakening on the main,  
A voice of peace, a softened tone—  
Heard—felt—remembered—though unknown.



*Faith to the Bereaved.*

J. S. BUCKMINSTER.

WOULD you know the value of faith to the bereaved? Go and follow a corpse to the grave. See the body deposited there, and hear the earth thrown in upon all that remains of your friend. Return now, if you will, and brood over the lesson which your senses have given you, and derive from it what consolation you can. You have learned nothing but an unconsoling fact. No voice of comfort issues from the tomb: all is still there, and blank, and lifeless, and has been so for ages. You see nothing but bodies dissolving and successively mingling with the clods which cover them, the grass growing over the spot, and the trees waving in sullen majesty over this region of eternal silence. And what is there more? Nothing. Come, Faith, and



people these deserts! Come, and reanimate these regions of forgetfulness! Mothers! take again your children to your arms, for they are living. Sons! your aged parents are coming forth in the vigor of regenerated years. Friends! behold your dearest connections are waiting to embrace you. The tombs are burst; generations long since in slumbers are awakening! They are coming from the east and the west, from the north and the south, to constitute the community of the blessed!

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*The Final Reunion.*

ROBERT BLAIR.

WHEN the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust,  
Not unattentive to the call, shall wake,  
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,  
With a new elegance of form unknown  
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul  
Mistake its partner; but amidst the crowd,  
Singling its other half, into its arms  
Shall rush, with all th' inspiration of a man  
That's new come home, who having long been absent,  
With haste runs over ev'ry different room,  
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!

Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.  
'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,  
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.  
Thus at the shut of even, the weary bird  
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake  
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day,  
Then claps his well-fledged wings and bears away.



*Death in the Snow Storm.*

JAMES THOMSON.

As thus the snows arise ; and foul, and fierce,  
All winter drives along the darkened air ;  
In his own loose-revolving fields, the swain  
Disaster'd stands ; sees other hills ascend,  
Of unknown joyless brow ; and other scenes,  
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain :  
Nor finds the river, nor the forest hid  
Beneath the formless wild ; but wanders on  
From hill to dale, still more and more astray ;  
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,  
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home  
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigor forth  
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !

What black despair, what horror fills his heart !  
When for the dusky spot, which fancy feign'd  
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,  
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,  
Far from the track and bless'd abode of man ;  
While round him night resistless closes fast,  
And every tempest howling o'er his head,  
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.  
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind  
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,  
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost,  
Of faithless bogs, of precipices huge,  
Smooth'd up with snow ; and, what is land, unknown,  
What water, of the still unfrozen spring,  
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,  
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.  
These check his fearful steps ; and down he sinks  
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,  
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death ;  
Mix'd with the tender anguish Nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,  
His wife, his children, and his friends unseen.  
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares  
The fire fair-blazing, and the vestment warm ;  
In vain his little children, peeping out  
Into the mingling storm, demand their sire,  
With tears of artless innocence. Alas !

Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold ;  
Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly Winter seizes ; shuts up sense ;  
And, o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snows, a stiffen'd corse ;  
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast.  
Ah ! little think the gay licentious proud,  
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;  
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,  
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;  
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,  
How many feel, this very moment, death !



*The Christian's End.*

JOSEPH S. BUCKMINSTER.

WOULD you see in what peace a Christian can die ?  
Watch the last gleams of thought which stream from his  
dying eyes. Do you see anything like apprehension ?  
The world, it is true, begins to shut in ; the shadows of  
evening collect around his senses. A dark mist thickens,  
and rests upon the objects which have hitherto engaged his  
observation. The countenances of his friend become more  
and more indistinct. The sweet expression of love and

friendship are no longer intelligible. His ear wakes no more at the well-known voice of his children, and the soothing accents of tender affection die away unheard, upon his decaying senses. To him the spectacle of human life is drawing to its close, and the curtain is descending, which shuts out this earth, its actors, and its scenes. He is no longer interested in all that is done under the sun. Oh! that I could now open to you the recesses of his soul; that I could reveal to you the light which darts into the chambers of his understanding. He approaches that world which he has so long seen in faith. The imagination now collects its diminished strength, and the eye of faith opens wide. Friends! do not stand, thus fixed in sorrow, around this bed of death. Why are you so still and silent? Fear not to move—you cannot disturb the last visions which enchant this holy spirit. Your lamentations break not in upon the songs of seraphs, which inwrap his hearing in ecstasy.

Crowd, if you choose, around his couch—he heeds you not—already he sees the spirits of the just advancing together to receive a kindred soul. Press him not with importunities; urge him not with alleviations. Think you he wants now these tones of mortal voices—these material, these gross consolations? No! he is going to add another to the myriads of the just, that are every moment crowding into the portals of heaven! He is entering on a nobler

life. He leaves you—he leaves *you*, weeping children of mortality, to grope about a little longer among the miseries and sensualities of a wordly life. Already he cries to you from the regions of bliss. Will you not join him there? Will you not taste the sublime joys of faith? There are your predecessors in virtue; there, too, are places for your contemporaries. There are seats for you in the assembly of the just made perfect, in the innumerable company of angels, where is Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant, and God, the judge of all.



### Thoughts.

E. W. B. CANNING.

THE glooms of autumn wrap the faded earth;  
The withered leaves fast quit the parent bough,  
And in the fitful gust that breathes in sighs  
Their requiem, twist downward to decay.  
The solitary bird that lingereth  
Amid his wonted haunts, sits cheerlessly  
Where erst was summer's green and shady prime,  
And pours his song to echoing loneliness.  
Fallen are the glories of the wavy field,

And the far sun scarce deigns capricious smiles  
 On the dimmed landscape, lately radiant  
 With sheen and beauty. Clouds that gloom and chill  
 The lessening day, scud smileless 'thwart the sky.  
 The spirit of black desolation comes  
 To mourn the faded and forgotten past ;  
 In the lone midnight darkness ye may hear  
 Its wail upon the hill-top, and its step  
 Along the leaf-strewn valley. It doth moan  
 To summer's by-gone glories a farewell,  
 And gather waning autumn to the shroud  
 Of winter, and its icy burial.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is the time for musing : and again,  
 As often wont with melancholy joy,  
 My spirit takes its pilgrim journey forth  
 Upon the past. Beside the fountain sweet  
 Of early bliss, oh long it lingereth !  
 Each flower of blessed memory it culls,  
 And bending o'er the ivied burial stones  
 Of unreturning gladness, lays aside  
 Its palmer staff ; again re-pencileth  
 The unforgotten records there—and weeps.

As when the long gone voyager returns,  
 And climbing with unwearied feet, the hills

That bound the vale of childhood and his home,  
Sees but the mansion where his kindred dwell  
Filling the prospect of his mental eye ;  
So in her frequent pilgrimage among  
Departed scenes, my mind thine image sole,  
My loved and buried ! sees and blends with all.  
How sweet, dear sainted spirit, were the days  
Of our entwined affection ! Ere the tie  
That made us one was bound, its tint of joy  
Was with my being blent, and made my life  
As 'twere a charmed existence. Oh how calm  
Beneath its spell, the twilight stroll along  
The murmuring stream that only spoke of thee !  
How shone the moon-beam with it to my soul !  
And how perfumed therewith the breath of morn !  
How populous with thine image rendered it  
The solitude ; and how it blessed my dreams !  
Wrapped in its blissful atmosphere, as erst  
Æneas, by his goddess mother clad  
In cloud invisible, I joyed to hold  
My secret treasure and my talisman.

Yet did not Fancy's richest oracle  
The half foretell of rapture realized  
In wedded life. Oh more of happiness  
Than oft is mortal's measure, then befell,



How o'er each scene of mutual joy and grief,  
Its memory like a halo lingereth !  
Dear golden days of blessedness complete !  
When sorrow was not sorrow, and when joy  
Was more than joyous, in such blended love !  
No gladness lit my eye, but thine, sweet one,  
Beamed prompt reflection ; not a trouble knit  
The ridges of my brow, but instant thine  
Made sympathetic answer. Not a tear  
Coursed an unwonted channel down my cheek,  
But met and mingled with the unsealed fount  
Of thine affection ; or beneath thy kiss  
Forgot to fall, and vanished in a smile.  
Shared was my every lot, and rapture-fraught,  
Each hour but plumed the silken wings of joy.  
Blest in the past, and of the present fond  
Inebriate, what wonder that my eye  
Dazzled by Hope's bright countenance, forgot  
Her golden anchor had its hold in heaven.

Alas ! thy pleasures, Earth, are like thy flowers !  
As sweet, as transient : whoso loveth them,  
Shall love, ere long, a shadow, and shall mourn  
That earthly joys are mortal. He shall know  
Thy brightest star is but a meteor's glare ;

Thy sweetest song a prelude to decay ;  
Thy fairest form a tinselry of dust.  
Long shall he sigh o'er that which *was*—but ah !  
Which comes no more, save in the tantalism  
Of dreams that vanish in their gladdening.  
Among such wakened dreamers, God of love !  
Thou hast enrolled me. Humbly would I bow.

And can it—*must* it be, that all that gave  
This heart contentment, and the world its charm,  
Hath gone forever with the things that were ?  
Must that sweet voice, like angel minstrelsy  
Once skilled to soothe, be heard no more on earth ?  
And those dear features with their love-lit smile  
Be lost, save in the visions of the past ?  
Oh, must that cherished form of loveliness,  
These longing arms and this bereaved embrace  
Revisit not again ? Ah ! mournfully  
The desolations of an anguished heart  
Respond amid an aching silence—"Never !"

\* \* \* \* \*

And yet, oh Death ! thou shall not triumph. See !  
Clad in her shining robes of angel white,

Religion comes. With smile as calm, as sweet,  
As that which shone of late on features thou  
Hast stiffened now, she wipes the swelling tear  
Of sorrow off, and points the kindling eye  
First to the living Word, and then to Heaven.  
Catch, oh my soul, the bright, enrapturing thought!  
She lives! she lives! Her blessed spirit lives!  
Her eye, her smile, her voice survive the tomb!  
Yes—in the more than emera'dine fields,  
Lit by the quenchless beam of Deity,  
Thou dost re-union, re-communion wait  
With the lone soul, still earth-bound, mourning thee.  
Perchance he lingereth briefly. Soon may come  
The welcome summons, undelayed to bid  
Corruption incorruption to put on,  
And mortal immortality. Oh then  
How shall his spirit leap exultant forth,  
And with thine own, in pure perfected love,  
Walk the bright fields where joy can never die!

## The Last Look.

ANONYMOUS.

THE last look at the countenance of a dear friend, how tender, how touching, how impossible to describe! The heart goes forth from the eyes to the object, and concentrates upon it its intensest affection. So the elders of Ephesus fell upon Paul's neck and kissed him, sorrowing most of all, for the words which he spake that they should *should see his face no more*:—Acts, xx. 38. Streaming eyes fastened upon that countenance still beaming with sacred love, and impressed with the deep solicitude just expressed in the pathetic words of his farewell address. It was their last look at a living friend, awakening a thousand thrilling recollections, associated with the grief of a final separation, for time. How often we cast the last look upon the pale features of friend after friend, returning no response to our tears, as they lie in the marble sleep of death, and then are shrouded in the darkness of the grave.

But the last look, for time, between Christ's friends, is not the last for eternity. Soon they will meet and behold

one another as saints in light, amid the glory of that place which the Lord has gone to prepare for them. "If I go away, I will come again and receive you to myself, that where I am ye may be also." Husband, wife, child or friend, of one who has died in the Lord, wilt thou see that friend again, and enjoy the bliss of that heavenly communion? If thy heart and treasure are in heaven, this reunion is at hand; if not, how fearful, how sad the thought that, where they are, you cannot come; that you have indeed, if you continue in your sin, taken your last look at these departed ones, and shall see them no more, unless afar off, in the kingdom of glory, while you, alas, are forever shut out.

Many, indeed, are the last looks, the last partings upon earth. The heart and memory strive to retain the image of those greatly beloved, but the eye sees them no more. But there is one look--the look of faith--which fastens the heart unalterably and forever upon its glorious object. "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith." This is the steady gaze of the soul upon him who is infinitely precious, the chiefest of ten thousand, the one altogether lovely. It is not a transient glance, turned off to the fading glories of the world. It binds the affection to the cross; it penetrates within the veil; it kindles and cherishes unquenchable desires to bear the Saviour's likeness, and to dwell in his presence. Infinite Grace confers this amazing

honor and privilege upon those who give their hearts and lives to him on earth. "We all with open face beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." What eye now tracing these lines, "shall behold the King in his beauty;" or,

" Shall see salvation from afar,  
But never taste his grace."



### The Grave.

ON RECEIVING WHILE IN AFFLICTION, A COPY OF BLAIR'S "GRAVE."

ANONYMOUS.

I will not leave you comfortless. Let not your heart be troubled.—JOHN, xiv.  
Neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.—I. COR., ii. 9.

Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent, that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless.—II. PETER, iii. xiv.

THE Grave?—No thought of mine e'er rested there  
Yet thou, perchance, didst deem 'twere well it should.  
No, my dear friend; the form so idolized,  
The loved habiliments which the spirit decked,  
We have resigned! Dearer it could not be:  
But God is good. The tests of many years  
Have proved his love; how can we doubt it now?  
And though, at times, a selfish grief contends,

These fond, impressive words, "Children, be cheerful ,  
 Soon shall I taste ' fullness of joy ' with God,"—  
 Assuage the pain, and prompt a wiser course.  
 Oh think not thou the cheerful mien I wear,  
 A thoughtless one ! It is a gift from God,  
 Balm for a stricken heart ! Mercy profound !  
 That me, at moments, can transport with joy,  
 While in communion with the blest, I share  
 The bliss of heaven !

Oh, mother, mother dear !

*There* only do I see thee—see thy soul,  
 Pure from the crucible of death, in bliss,  
 " With not one wish uncrowned !"

When thou wert ill,  
 Thy suffering couch I oft bedewed with tears,  
 And watched untiringly both day and night,  
 Proff'ring each draught with agony of prayer.  
 The Almighty's summons came. Submissively  
 My heart its precious idol gave—the charm,  
 The blessing and the sunshine of my youth.  
 How matchlessly Death carved those beauteous features,  
 Which to delineate, my pencil loved !  
 Sweet mother ! thy dear touch has stamped a value  
 Untold, and hallowed all within our home !  
 Parting with thee too fearfully reveals  
 What else I had not known—the Saviour's place  
 In my affection.

Have I e'er desired

The last dread struggle to endure, since *thou*,  
Redeemer of the soul, hast died ? or longed  
Some deed to do in memory of *thee* ?  
Henceforth, with deeper trust the cup I'll taste,  
Commemorate of thy love—my gracious Lord !  
Thy sorrowing poor my family shall be ;  
Thy foes my soul's intensest grief. Nor shun  
Will I earth's duties to pursue with zeal ;  
Believing that the root must deeply strike  
That bears aloft its branches to the skies !  
Thou, too, my noble friend, hast been bereaved ;  
The precious name of mother, to thy heart,  
Brings chastened recollections.

Why bid me,

Then, view the darksome tomb ? since thou, thyself,  
In elevated calmness dost endure,  
And with so disciplined a mind and heart,  
Gazest beyond ! In that high view, life's griefs  
Dissolve. And though the friends whose finest thoughts  
To thine responsive glow—whose pleasing converse  
Endeared them—may retire in sorrow's hour,  
Heed not the pang it gives ; for passing years  
Convey thee nearer Him, whom but to love  
Is life and joy eternal !



*Mother, Home, and Heaven.*

ANONYMOUS.

THE sounds that fall on mortal ear,  
As dewdrops pure at even,  
That soothe the breast, or start the tear,  
Are mother, home, and heaven.

A mother—sweetest name on earth,  
We lisp it on the knee,  
And idolize its sacred worth  
In manhood's infancy.

A home—that paradise below,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Where hallowed joys perennial flow,  
By calm sequestered bowers.

And heaven—the port of endless peace,  
The haven of the soul,  
When life's corroding cares shall cease,  
Like sweeping waves to roll.

Oh, weep not then, though cruel Time  
The chain of love has riven ;  
To every link, in yonder clime,  
Reunion shall be given.

Oh, fall they not on mortal ear  
As dewdrops pure at even,  
To soothe the breast, or start the tear—  
A mother, home, and heaven !



### Examples of the Dead.

ANDREWS NORTON.

THE relations between man and man cease not with life. The dead leave behind them their memory, their example, and the effects of their actions. Their influence still abides with us ; their names and characters dwell in our thoughts and hearts ; we live and commune with them in their writings ; we enjoy the benefit of our labors. Our institutions have been founded by them ; we are surrounded by the works of the dead ; our knowledge and our arts are the fruit of their toil ; our minds have been formed by their instructions ; we are most intimately connected with them by a thousand dependencies. Those whom we have loved in life are still objects of our deepest and holiest

affections ; their power over us remains ; they are with us in our solitary walks ; and their voices speak to our hearts in the silence of midnight ; their image is impressed upon our dearest recollections and our most sacred hopes ; they form an essential part of our treasure laid up in heaven ; for, above all, we are separated from them but for a little time. We are soon to be united with them ; if we follow in the path of those we have loved, we too shall soon join the innumerable company of the spirits of just men made perfect. Our affections and our hopes are not buried in the dust, to which we commit the poor remains of mortality. The blessed retain their remembrance and their love for us in heaven ; and we will cherish our remembrance and our love for them while on earth.

Creatures of imitation and sympathy as we are, we look around us for support and countenance even in our virtues. We recur for them, most securely, to the examples of the dead. There is a degree of insecurity and uncertainty about living worth. The stamp has not yet been put upon it, which precludes all change, and seals it up as a just object of admiration for future times. There is no service which a man of commanding intellect can render his fellow-creatures better than that of leaving behind him an unspotted example. If he do not confer upon them this benefit, if he leave a character dark with vices in the sight of God, but dazzling with shining qualities in the view of men, it may be that all his other services had better have been

forborne, and he had passed inactive and unnoticed through life. It is a dictate of wisdom, therefore, as well as feeling, when a man eminent for his virtues and talents, has been taken away, to collect the riches of his goodness and add them to the treasury of human improvement. The true Christian *liveth not for himself, and dieth not for himself.*

**DEATH**

IN THE

WINTER OF SILVERED AGE.



Proem.

“Death is the port where all may refuge find  
The end of labor, entry unto rest ;  
Death hath the bounds of misery confin'd,  
Whose sanctuary shrouds affliction best.”—EARL OF STERLINE.

THE aged too must die. They who passed safe  
The perils of their tiny infancy,  
The dangers that lay hid amongst the flowers  
Where heedless childhood gamboled, and the shafts  
Of sickness that beset the paths of youth ;  
They long have triumphed o'er the pains, the ills,  
The saddening trials of life's downward road ;  
They long have borne the aching heaviness,  
The burdens various of protracted years ;  
But, though life's silver cord be yet unloosed,  
Death's summons comes to them, and they too die.

Death cometh to the aged, as the night  
Comes to the weary child. It is “so tired,”  
So heavy with the yearning for repose,

It asketh not for food, for toy, or play ;  
Its only wish is to lie down and sleep.  
So to the aged comes the night of death,  
With slow, still step, and lays his shadowy hand  
Softly, and reverently on their brow,  
And they anew put on the robes of youth,  
And meet the loved—long since accounted lost,  
All radiant with celestial brightness,  
And loving with the ever-rapturous joy  
Of beatific spirits, as they welcome home  
The “good and faithful servant,” to his rest,  
The place prepared by his approving Lord.

Tears drop, all gently, when the aged die,  
For now their work is done, and they have long  
Craved heavenly domicil. This world, for them,  
Has nothing more ; mortality at best,  
Is but a burden, a deep throe of pain ;  
On earth they labored, loved, yet suffered oft,—  
Now heavenly fruition comes. We do not weep  
As when the lovely Spring-bud of life’s hope  
Lies cold upon its mother’s heaving breast ;  
We do not mourn as when our Summer joy  
Is wither’d in the blooming ; or as when  
The fruits of autumn perish, immature.  
It is as when the full ripe sheaf is borne,  
All rich with treasure, to the granary ;



And, therefore, they are blessed who attain  
The reverend estate of Winter's years.

An angel's voice proclaimed, Blessed are the dead  
Who die in Christ the Lord, for they rest—ay,  
They rest! Yes, mourning friend! their toils have  
ceased :

The little one that withered in life's Spring ;  
The beautiful who died in Summer bloom ;  
The strong who fell in Autumn ; and the old,  
Who, in grey Winter, went to their repose ;  
They rest secure above. And if we might,  
*Would* we recall them!—when we too approach  
The throne where “crowned with light,” for us they  
wait ?

Oh, blessed be our God, for Life, for Death,  
But most for Christ and Immortality !

ROSALIE BELL.

*The Aged and their Death.*

HENRY GILES.

I CONNECT old age by analogy with approaching night, yet not with any feeling that would taint it with the idea of gloom. All our operations with night, though solemn and subdued, are not melancholy. There are nights which nature and the soul invest with a stilly, lustrous purity, as touching as it is holy—when the world and its cares are lulled to peace—when the quiet moon looks gently and brightly on the landscapes and dwellings of earth, when the dim prospect, filled with visions undefined, and fading with a mysterious perspective, is more spiritually beautiful in its very obscurity, when a mild light reveals the distant glories which a more burning splendor had concealed, and makes it rapture to gaze upon the face of that heaven, which in the face of the noon-day, it was painful even to glance at. And thus I can think of the virtuous aged. I can see the ardent fervors of youth softened gradually down to this beautiful moonlight of existence, and the view above them growing more exalted and sublime, as that around

them becomes more circumscribed and vague; and the virtuous deeds they have done on earth rising as they approach to heaven, shining as the stars in glory. I can see one of such retiring gracefully from the scene of his labors and usefulness, to rest in the bosom of love, to be supported by those arms which once had clung around his knees, to be blessed by those lips which he first had taught to move in prayer, and to call God—"our Father." I can see him with heart that can yet be cheerful, and an eye that can yet glisten, in the joys of youth—but with a spirit devoid of fear, solemnized by the shadow of a coming and a great event. I can see him sinking tranquilly into the sleep from which the sleeper awakens in Eternity, his mind illumined with dreams of happy memories and of holy hopes, and then the prophet's prayer is mine—" *Let me die the death of the righteous and let my latter end be like his!*"

*The Departed.*

PARK BENJAMIN.

THE departed ! the departed ! they visit us in dreams,  
And they glide above our memories like shadows over  
streams ;  
But where the cheerful lights of home in constant lustre  
burn,  
The departed, the departed can never more return !

The good, the brave, the beautiful, how dreamless in their  
sleep,  
Where rolls the dirge-like music of the ever tossing deep !  
Or where the hurrying night-winds pale Winter's robe have  
spread  
Above their narrow palaces, in the cities of the dead.

I look around, and feel the awe of one who walks alone  
Among the wrecks of former days, in mournful ruin  
strewn ;  
I start to hear the stirring sounds among the cypress trees,  
For the voice of the departed is borne upon the breeze.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with each free and careless  
strain ;

I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy will cheer my heart  
again.

The melody of summer waves, the thrilling notes of birds,  
Can never be so dear to me as their remember'd words.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles still on me sweetly  
fall,

Their tones of love I faintly hear my name in sadness call.  
I know that they are happy with their angel-plumage on,  
But my heart is very desolate to think that they are gone.



#### Departure of the Good and Venerable.

"Death was before and around me, but it was a Christian death, and the star  
of the Cross rose brightly on its darkness."

E. PORTER DYER.

BENEATH the pine, where flows yon streamlet fair,

I saw an aged man, devoutly kneeling :

Round his bared brow, waved locks of hoary hair,

His cheeks were furrowed deep, by time and care,

And down their channels silent tears were stealing.

The song of birds, the hum of murmuring bees,  
The sparkling brook, were all by him unheeded ;  
His hands were clasped—not vigorous hands like these,  
But pale ; their fingers shrivelled by disease,  
Were lifted heavenward, while he knelt and pleaded.

Beside him played a little fair-haired child,  
The very image of his late dear daughter,—  
With rosy cheeks the cherub sweetly smiled,  
To see his own fair features undefiled,  
Reflected dancing on the wavy water.

The old man's lips in solemn silence moved,  
His closed eyes lifted to his heavenly Master,  
And half I knew he prayed for those he loved,  
When down his hollow cheeks, so deeply grooved,  
The glistening tear-drops faster coursed, and faster.

I gazed on him with no irreverent thought,  
For prayer, to me, a sacred thing is ever ;  
From him I learned how heaven to earth is brought,  
How God is found, and how he must be sought,  
When sad bereavement makes the heart-strings quiver

How long the old man bent the suppliant knee,  
 From vast Eternity support to borrow,  
 Is known to God, but is not known to me ;  
 The Dove-like Spirit to that Bethel-tree  
 I doubt not, came, and sanctified his sorrow.

Next morn, the tolling of the village bell  
 Broke on my slumbers ; its deep tones of warning  
 Rolling their heavy, undulating swell,—  
 Alas ! they pealed the old man's funeral knell,  
 Solemn and slow, as if the bell were mourning.

The third day came, and round the humble bier,  
 Whereon the worshipper, in death was sleeping,  
 Friend said to friend, " Alas ! he is not here !"  
 While, down stern manhood's cheek, fell many a tear,  
 And sobs were heard where mourners, veiled, sat  
 weeping.

With eye and look serene, and reverent air,  
 Up rose the goodly minister, and said ;—  
 " Our aged friend, the tranquil sleeper there,  
 Was a good man,—a man of faith and prayer—  
 And glory crowned his venerable head.

- “ He ripened into heaven, as when a shock  
Of corn doth ripen in the autumn sun,  
For which the swain his granary doth unlock ;  
His shepherd Christ, he with Christ’s ransomed flock,  
Rests in the fold. His pilgrimage is done !
- “ Had Age, unblest’d, gone down life’s wintry slope,—  
Had hoary Unbelief here met her doom,  
Philosophy might still have tried to cope  
With the dense darkness, but in vain : no hope  
With rainbow hues, had spanned the deepening gloom.
- “ Thanks be to God, Religion’s cheering ray  
Shines through this darkness and relieves our pain :  
Called in a good old age, to pass away,  
We surely need not mourn for *him* to-day,  
For whom ‘ to live was Christ, to die was gain.’
- “ When late his cheeks were wet with mourners’ tears,  
He meekly bowed, and kissed the Chastener’s rod :  
He knew no doubts, and no distressing fears ;  
As he had served the Lord from tender years,  
So age still found him walking with his God.
- “ Scarce three days since, this orphan child he took  
And wandered forth with him alone to pray,—



He knelt beside a murmuring summer brook,  
And turned to Heaven's bright land a longing look,  
As if in Canaan his possession lay.

"Oh, who can sorrow when the good depart?  
When captive souls obtain their sweet release?  
Our friend has gone to share 'the better part!'  
How can we mourn? Why lay *his* loss to heart,  
Who sleeps in Jesus, and whose end is peace?"



### The Lessons of Death.

ANDREWS NORTON.

It will be in vain for us to stand by the open grave of departed worth, if no earthly passion grows cool and no holy purpose gains strength.

We are liable, in this world, to continual delusion; to a most extravagant over-estimate of the value of its objects. With respect to many of our cares and pursuits, the sentiment expressed in the words of David must have borne, with all its truth and force, upon the mind of every considerate man, in some moments, at least, of serious reflection. *Surely every one walketh in a vain show; surely they are disquieted in vain.* The next month, or the next year, often

assumes in our eyes a most disproportionate importance, and almost excludes from our view all the other infinite variety of concerns and changes which are to follow in the course of an immortal existence. The whole happiness of our being seems to be sometimes at stake upon the success of a plan, which, when we have grown but a little older, we may regard with indifference. These are subjects on which reason too commonly speaks to us in vain. But there is one lesson which God sometimes gives us, that brings the truth home to our hearts. There is an admonition which addresses itself directly to our feelings, and before which they bow in humility and tears. We can hardly watch the gradual decay of a man eminent for virtue and talents, and hearing him uttering, with a voice that will soon be heard no more, the last expressions of piety and holy hope, without feeling that the delusions of life are losing their power over our minds. Its true purposes begin to appear to us in their proper distinctness. We are accompanying one who is about to take his leave of present objects; to whom the things of this life, merely, are no longer of any interest or value. The eye, which is still turned to us in kindness, will in a few days be closed forever. The hand by which ours is still pressed will be motionless. The affections, which are still warm and vivid—they will not perish; but we shall know nothing of their exercise. We shall be cut off from all expressions and return of sympathy. He whom we love is taking leave of us for an undefined period

of absence. We are placed with him on the verge between this world and the eternity into which he is entering; we look before us, and the objects of the latter rise to view in all their vast and solemn magnificence.

There is, I well know, an anguish which may preclude this calmness of reflection and hope. Our resolution may be prostrated to the earth; for he, on whom we are accustomed to rely for strength and support, has been taken away. We return to the world, and there is bitterness in all it presents us; for everything bears impressed upon it a remembrance of what we have lost. It has one, and but one, miserable consolation to offer:

“That anguish will be wearied down, I know.

What pang is permanent with man? From th’ highest,

As from the vilest thing of every day,

He learns to wean himself. For the strong hours

Conquer him.”

It is a consolation, which offered in this naked and offensive form, we instinctively reject. Our recollections and our sorrows, blended as they are together, are far too dear to be parted with upon such terms. But God giveth not as the world giveth. There is a peace which comes from him, and brings healing to the heart. His religion would not have us forget, but cherish our affections for the dead; for it makes known to us that these affections shall be immortal. It gradually takes away the bitterness of our

recollections, and changes them into glorious hopes; for it teaches us to regard the friend who is with us no longer, not as one whom we have lost on earth, but as one whom we shall meet as an angel in heaven.

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*The Land which no Mortal may Know.*

BERNARD BARTON.

THOUGH Earth has full many a beautiful spot,  
As a poet or painter might show,  
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,  
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,  
Is the land that no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream bursting forth from the  
throne,  
Flows on, and for ever will flow;  
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,  
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,  
In the land which no mortal may know.

And there, on its margin, with leaves ever green,  
With its fruits healing sickness and woe,

The fair Tree of Life, in its glory and pride,  
Is fed by that deep inexhaustible tide,  
Of the land which no mortal may know.

There, too, are the lost ! whom we loved on this earth,  
With those mem'ries our bosoms yet glow ;  
Their relics we gave to the place of the dead,  
But their glorified spirits before us have fled,  
To the land which no mortal may know.

There the pale orb of night, and the fountain of day,  
Nor beauty nor splendor bestow ;  
But the presence of HIM, the unchanging I AM,  
And the holy, the pure, the immaculate Lamb,  
Light the land which no mortal may know.

Oh ! who but must pine, in this dark vale of tears,  
From its clouds and its shadows to go ?  
To walk in the light of the glory above,  
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,  
Of the land which no mortal may know ?

*The Beauty of the Redeemed.*

A. C. THOMPSON.

It is a common and not improbable idea that all the redeemed will for ever exult in undecaying youth. The schoolmen were accustomed to say that all will rise of the same age. However that may be, we are certain that the resurrection body will be healthful and vigorous: "It is sown in weakness; it is raised in power." It will be perfectly and forever free from languor, weariness, and disease. "The inhabitant shall not say I am sick." The eye of the patriarch shall never grow dim again; Jacob shall no longer halt, and Lazarus shall retain no trace of his malady; for then "the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart; and the tongue of the dumb shall sing." They shall all be girded with strength,—with immortal vigor to serve God, day and night, in his temple.

The resurrection bodies of saints will be most beautiful and glorious: "It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory." No one of our race since the fall has had a body

in all respects faultless. Every child of God shall hereafter possess one absolutely perfect. Yes, these vile bodies, subject to disease, distortion, decay—the instruments of sin—shall have an exquisite symmetry of features and proportion.

No Grecian artist, however faultless his eye, and fervid his imagination, ever conceived of a form so ethereal, so stately, so enchantingly graceful, as shall then belong to the saint whose body was the most unlovely and misshapen here. The resurrection body will be perfectly suited to the occupancy of a perfect soul, in the temple and immediate presence of the King of kings. Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it, that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word; that he might present it to himself a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. Yes; he “shall change our vile body that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body.”

And would we know what Christ's glorious body is? Then must we see him on the mount of transfiguration, when “His face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.” We must behold him in apocalyptic effulgence: “His countenance as the sun shineth in his strength.” Such is the archetype of the believer's resurrection body. The masterpiece of supreme power and wisdom will be those future bodies of the saints, and the reunion with them of the spirits of just men made perfect.

## Old Age and Death.

EDMUND WALLER.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;  
So calm are we when passions are no more ;  
For then we know how vain it was to boast  
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.  
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes  
Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made :  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home.  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
They stand upon the threshold of the new.



*Life and Death.*

HELEN BRUCE.

LIFE, what is it that it should be so desired, so clung to, so beloved? What is it apart from the considerations which arise from the Christian's faith and hope?

A worse than useless gift, a mist, a dream, a fleeting show, a journey through dreary and far-reaching wilds and small sunny gardens. A path beset with dangers thick and unseen. A warfare desperate and painful, in which none may ever lay down his arms until he arrives at death's dark portal. A scene of partings and tears, of pain and sin and death, of broken hearts and crushed affections, of high hopes blasted, degradation, want, and every woe. This is the life of earth:

“Oh, who would live away,”—

nay, were it not for hope in Christ, who would desire to live at all?

Is it not pleasure to the wanderer of a day, to lay him down at night, and sleep? Then who will say that the worn traveller on life's rugged way would not rejoice to rest from labor and from sorrow, though the sleep to which he betook him himself could know no waking?

True, his resting-place might not prove so soft and warm, as that on which he stretched his weary limbs in life, but the pale sleeper would regard it not—his rest would be as deep, as long, and dreamless as he could desire.

The tempest and the storm might howl above his head; the night wind sigh over the sod that covers him; and though all nature, with relentless shock, should strive to rouse him, he would still sleep on, and naught could break his rest.

The grave, the grave, the still and peaceful grave, would be the longed-for refuge of the suffering children of earth, were this life all. But blessed be our God, who hath brought *another* life, even the life of immortality to light. He hath made "whosoever will" heirs thereof, and so we wait patiently amid our tears, we smile amid want and pain, for we know that "the fashion of this world passeth away, and that we have an habitation, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"Our hearts are there, there dwell our parted kin  
Who are awaiting us redeemed from sin:  
The city's gates unfold, oh, let us in!"

## Earth and Heaven.

CAROLINE BOWLES.

OH, CHANGE! oh, wondrous change!  
Burst are the prison bars!  
This moment there—so low,  
In mortal prayer—and now  
Beyond the stars!

Oh, change! stupendous change!  
Here lies the senseless clod;  
The soul from bondage breaks,  
The new immortal wakes—  
Awakes with God!

*Triumph in Death.*

S. T. COLERIDGE.

THE heir of heaven, henceforth, I fear not death;  
In Christ I live; in Christ I draw the breath  
Of the true life;—let, then, earth, sea and sky,  
Make war against me! On my heart I show  
Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try  
To end my life, that can but end its woe.  
Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies?  
Yes! but not his—'tis Death himself there dies!

*The Calm for those who Weep.*

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.

There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
Low in the ground,

The Soul, of origin divine,  
God's glorious image , freed from clay,  
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
A star of day.

The SUN is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky :  
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,  
SHALL NEVER DIE !

On the Death of an Aged Minister.

MONTGOMERY.

SERVANT of God, well done !  
Rest from thy loved employ ;  
The battle fought, the victory won,  
Enter thy Master's joy.

The voice at midnight came,  
He started up to hear ;  
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,  
He felt—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,  
It found him on the field,  
A veteran slumbering on his arms,  
Beneath his red-cross shield.

His sword was in his hand,  
Still warm with recent fight,  
Ready that moment, at command,  
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,  
Of heavenly temper keen :  
And double were the wounds it made,  
Where'er it glanced between.

Bent on such glorious toils,  
The world to him was loss,  
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,  
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,  
"To meet thy God prepare!"  
He woke—and caught his captain's eye;  
Then strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit, with a bound,  
Left its encumbering clay;  
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,  
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,  
Labor and sorrow cease;  
And life's long warfare closed at last,  
His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done !  
Praise be thy new employ ;  
And while eternal ages run,  
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

---

*The Good Man's End.*

ROBERT BLAIR.

SURE the last end  
Of the good man is peace ! How calm his exit !  
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,  
Nor weary worn-out minds expire so soft.  
Behold him in the evening-tide of life,  
A life well spent, whose early care it was  
His riper years should not upbraid his green :  
By unperceived degrees he wears away ;  
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting.  
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches  
After the prize in view ! and, like a bird  
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away :  
While the glad gates of sight are wide expanded  
To let new glories in—the first fair fruits  
Of the last-coming harvest. Then, oh then,  
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,



Shrunk to a thing of naught. Oh how he longs  
To have his passport sign'd, and he dismissed !  
'Tis done, and now he's happy ! The glad-soul  
Has not a wish unanswer'd. E'en the lag flesh  
Rests too in hope of meeting once again  
Its better half, never to sunder more.  
Nor shall it hope in vain ; the time draws on  
When not a single spot of burial earth,  
Whether on land or in the spacious sea,  
But must give back its long committed dust  
Inviolate : and faithfully shall these  
Make up the full account ! not the least atom  
Embezzled, or mislaid of the whole tale.  
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd ;  
And each shall have his own.

---

*The Memory of the Dead.*

ANONYMOUS.

How beautiful is the memory of the dead ! What a holy thing it is in the human heart, and what a chastening influence it sheds upon human life. How it subdues all the harshness that grows up within us in the daily intercourse with the world. How it melts our unkindness, and softens our pride, kindling our deepest love, and waking

our highest aspirations. Is there one who has not some loved friend gone to heaven, with whom he delights to live again in memory? Does he not love to sit down in the hushed and tranquil hours of existence, and call around him the face, the form, so familiar and cherished—to look into the eye that mirrored not more clearly his own face than the soul which he loves—to listen to the tones which were once melody in his ear, and have echoed softly in his heart since they were hushed to his senses? Is there a spirit to which heaven is not brought nearer by holding some kindred soul? How friend follows friend into the happy dwelling-place of the dead, till we find, at length, that they who love us on the heavenly shore are more than they who dwell among us! Every year witnesses the departure of some one whom we knew and loved; and when we recall the names of all who have been dear to us in life, how many of them have passed into that City which is imperishable!

The blessed dead! how free from stain is our love for them. The earthly taint of our affections is buried with that which is corruptible, and the divine flame in its purity illumines our breast. We have no fear of losing them. They are fixed for us eternally in the mansions prepared for our reunion. We shall find them waiting for us in their garments of beauty. The glorious dead! how reverently we speak their names. Our hearts are sanctified by their words, which we remember. How wise they have

now grown in the limitless fields of Truth. How joyous they have become by the unfailing fountains of pleasure. The immortal dead ! how unchanging is their love for us. How tenderly they look down upon us, and how closely they surround our being ! How earnestly they entreat us, and how touchingly they rebuke the evil of our lives.

Let men talk pleasantly of the pious dead, as those who no longer suffer and are tried—as those who pursue no longer the fleeting, but have grasped and secured the real. With them, the fear and the longing, the hope, the terror, and the pain, are all passed ; the fruition of life has begun. How unkind, that, when we put away their bodies, we should cease the utterance of their names. The tender-hearted dead, who so struggled in the parting from us ! why should we speak of them in awe, and remember them only in sighing ? Very dear were they, when hand clasped hand, and heart responded to heart. Why are they less dear, when they have grown worthy a higher love than ours ? By the hearth-side, and by the grave-side, in solitude and amid the multitude, think cheerfully and speak lovingly of the dead.

## S. T. T. L.

[The old Romans were accustomed to inscribe on their tombs these four letters, standing for the sentence, "Sit tibi terra levis,"—"May the earth be light upon thee!"]

## J. H. CLINCH.

AGE, upon thy honored head  
Lightly be the cold earth spread ;  
Long the road thou'st travelled o'er  
To this mansion of the blest,  
Where the wicked vex no more,  
And the weary are at rest.  
May the dust lie lightly now,  
On thy snow-encircled brow.

Manhood, on thy ample breast  
Lightly be the damp-earth pressed ;  
War's red wave and battle's broil  
Tempest's sweep, and ocean's roar,  
Care and passion, pain and toil,  
Hard have pressed it heretofore ;  
Let oppression now be past,  
Here in peace recline at last.

Youth, upon thy noble brow,  
Pale, and cold, and pulseless now.  
Lightly may the green turf lie !

Weak is now that nervous arm,  
Quenched in night that eagle eye,  
Cold that heart so lately warm—  
Lightly sleep the night away,  
Waiting for a brighter day.

On thy bosom, lovely maid,  
Lightly may the dust be laid !  
Delicate and lovely one,  
Fair and pure and tender flower !  
Crushed before thy spring was done  
By the storm's unpitying power :  
Bow thee in the dust awhile,—  
Stormless heaven shall see thee smile.

Childhood, o'er thy narrow bed  
Lightly shall the dust be spread ;  
Little wanderer, doomed to die  
Ere thou know'st what 'twas to live,  
Death, before he closed thine eye,  
Showed thee life and bade thee grieve.  
Bear, sweet bud, awhile the tomb,  
Heaven shall bid thy beauty bloom.

Dust we are, and we must trust  
All we love to Death and Dust :  
But where Faith and Hope are found,  
    Death and Dust no terrors bring ;  
Where they consecrate the ground,  
    Dying seed to life shall spring :  
Ever light the earth shall rest  
On the heart that Christ has blessed !

---

Blessed are the Dead.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Oh, how blest are ye whose toils are ended  
Who, through death, have unto God ascended !  
    Ye have arisen  
From the cares which keep us still in prison.

We are still as in a dungeon living,  
Still oppressed with sorrow and misgiving :  
    Our undertakings  
Are but toils and troubles, and heart-breakings.

Ye, meanwhile, are in your chambers sleeping,  
Quiet, and set free from all our weeping ;  
    No cross nor trial  
Hinders your enjoyments with denial.

Christ has wiped away your tears forever ;  
Ye have that for which we still endeavor :  
    To you are chanted  
Songs which yet no mortal ear have haunted.

Ah ! who would not, then, depart with gladness,  
To inherit heaven for earthly sadness ?  
    Who here would languish  
Longer in bewailing and in anguish ?

Come, oh Christ, and loose the chains that bind us ?  
Lead us forth, and cast this world behind us !  
    With thee, the Anointed,  
Finds the soul its joy and rest appointed.

---

Dirge of Rachel.

KNOX.

AND Rachel lies in Ephrath's land,  
    Beneath her lonely oak of weeping ;  
With mouldering heart, and withering hand,  
    The sleep of death for ever sleeping.

The Spring comes smiling down the vale,  
    The lilies and the roses bringing ;  
But Rachel never more shall hail  
    The flowers that in the world are springing.

The Summer gives his radiant day  
And Jewish dames the dance are treading ;  
But Rachel, on her couch of clay,  
Sleeps all unheeded and unheeding.

The Autumn's ripening sunbeam shines,  
And reapers to the field is calling ;  
But Rachel's voice no longer joins  
The choral song at twilight's falling.

The Winter sends his drenching shower,  
And sweeps his howling blast around her ;  
But earthly storms possess no power  
To break the slumber that hath bound her.

Thus round and round the Seasons go,  
But joy or grief no more betide her ;  
For Rachel's bosom could not know  
Though friends were housed in death beside her.

Yet time shall come, as prophets say,  
Whose dreams with glorious things are blended,  
When Seasons on their changeful way  
Shall wend not as they long have wended.



Yes, time shall come, when flowers that bloom  
Shall meet no storm their bloom to whither ;  
When friends, rejoicing from the tomb,  
Have gone to heavenly climes together.

---

*The Parted Spirit.*

JOHN MALCOLM.

MYSTERIOUS in its birth,  
And viewless as the blast ;  
Where hath the spirit fled from earth,  
For ever past ?

I ask the grave below—  
It keeps the secret well ;  
I call upon the heavens to show—  
They will not tell.

Of earth's remotest strand,  
Are tales and tidings known ;  
But from the spirit's distant land,  
Returneth none.

Winds waft the breath of flowers  
To wanderers o'er the wave,  
But no message from the bowers  
Beyond the grave.

Proud Science scales the skies,  
From star to star to roam,  
But reacheth not the Shore where lies  
Thy spirit's home.

Impervious shadows hide  
This mystery of Heaven ;  
But where all knowledge is denied,  
To hope is given !

---

*The Mourning Widow.*

J. G. PERCIVAL.

THERE is a mourner, and her heart is broken :  
She is a widow—she is old and poor,  
Her only hope is in that sacred token  
Of peaceful happiness when life is o'er ;  
She asks no wealth nor pleasure—begs no more  
Than Heaven's delightful volume, and the sight  
Of her Redeemer. Skeptics ! would you pour  
Your blasting vials on her head, and blight  
Sharon's sweet rose, that blooms and charms her  
being's night ?

She lives in her affections ; for the grave  
Has closed upon her husband, children : all  
Her hopes are with the arms she trusts will save  
Her treasured jewels ; though her views are small,  
Though she has never mounted high, to fall  
And writhe in her debasement, yet the spring  
Of her meek, tender feelings cannot pall  
Her unpurverted palate, but will bring  
A joy without regret, a bliss that has no sting.

Even as a fountain, whose unsullied wave  
Wells in the pathless valléy, flowing o'er  
With silent waters, kissing as they lave  
The pebbles with light rippling, and the shore  
Of matted grass and flowers—so softly pour  
The breathings of her bosom, when she prays,  
Long bowed before her Maker ; then no more  
She muses on the grief of former days ;  
Her full heart melts and flows in Heaven's dissolving  
rays.

And Faith can see a new world, and the eyes  
Of saints look pity on her : Death will come—  
A few short moments over, and the prize  
Of peace eternal waits her, and the tomb  
Becomes her fondest pillow : all its gloom

Is scattered ; what a meeting there will be  
To her and all she loved here, and the bloom  
Of new life from those cheeks shall never flee—  
Theirs is the health which lasts through all eternity.

---

The Dead.

A. M. EDMOND.

THE dead ! the dead ! I love them still,  
Though years have hurried by,  
Since bending o'er the dying couch  
I caught the parting sigh ;  
Since I bedewed the mournful pall  
With fond affection's tear,  
And sorrowed o'er the sleeping form  
Upon the sable bier.

They came to me when darkness steals  
Along the weary land,  
Upon the pinions of the night,  
A dim, yet beauteous band ;  
They flit before me one by one,  
The tenants of the tomb,  
And wearing all the robes of death,  
But bearing not its gloom.

In midnight's solemn hour, I see  
Thier shadows on the wall ;  
And softly on the moonlit floor  
I hear their footsteps fall—  
The rustling of their silver wings  
Above my weary head ;  
And oh, 'tis sweet to sleep beneath  
The watch-care of the *dead* !

I hear them speak, in gentle tones,  
Of peace, and joy, and bliss ;  
The language of celestial worlds,  
Oh, how unlike to this !  
For mingled with the friendships there,  
No sordid self is known,  
And on affection's sunny track,  
No shade is ever thrown.

I love the places that they loved,  
The hillside and the grove ;  
Where in the quiet summer eve,  
We once were wont to rove.  
Who knows but what they haunt them yet,  
And make them dear to me ?  
Chide not the fancy, hush it not,  
Though strange and wild it be.

There is a charm about the dead ;  
It binds me to the tomb,  
And to their memories who sleep  
Long years in dust and gloom,  
I love the living, and I love  
When youth and bloom have fled ;  
And 'tis affection deep and strong  
I cherish for the dead.

---

*Death the Least of all Evils.*

And I heard a voice from Heaven, saying unto me, Write, from henceforth blessed are the dead which die in the Lord ; even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors ; and their works do follow them.—REV. xiv., 13.

LORD BACON.

I HAVE often thought upon death, and I find it the least of all evils. All that which is past is as a dream ; and he who hopes or depends upon time coming, dreams waking. So much of our life as we have discovered is already dead ; and all those hours which we share, even from the breasts of our mother until we return to our grand-mother, the earth, are part of our dying days ; whereof even this is one, and those that succeed are of the same nature, for we die daily ; and as others have given place to us, so we must in the end give way to others.

Death arrives graciously to such as sit in darkness, or lie heavily burdened with grief and irons; to the poor Christian who sits bound in the galley; to despairful widows, pensive prisoners, and deposed kings; to them whose fortune runs back and whose spirit mutinies; unto such death is a redeemer, and the grave a place of retiredness and rest. These wait upon the shore of death, and waft unto him to draw near, wishing above all others to see his star, that they might be led to his place, wooing the remorseless sisters to wind down the watch of their life, and to break them off before the hour.

---

*Lines Written on a Book-mark,*

IN THE BIBLE OF AN AGED AND RECENTLY THRICE-BEREAVED CHRISTIAN.

ANONYMOUS.

My home is in heaven—that beautiful land,  
And those who have loved me are gathering there;  
And I am here *waiting* my Father's command,  
Mid scenes of temptation, and sorrow, and care.  
How happy their lot, when compared with my own,  
Their sufferings ended, their dangers all o'er!  
Oh, let me not grieve that my dear ones have gone:  
I soon shall be with them and sorrow no more.

Oh why, ye redeemed, should the breath of the tomb,  
Though ever so humid and cold it arise,  
Fill the heart of the Christian with trembling and  
gloom?

The Christian, a child and an heir of the skies!  
'Tis true that the grave is a dreary abode,—  
Where silence, and darkness, and solitude reign,  
Where time and the worm shall these bodies corrode  
Till they crumble and fall into ashes again.

But lo! the freed spirit! How quickly she bends  
Her flight to her home when her bondage is o'er:  
Even while the pale form into darkness descends,  
She walks the bright fields on Eternity's shore!  
Then why, ye redeemed, should the breath of the tomb,  
Though ever so humid and cold it arise,  
Fill the heart of the Christian with trembling and  
gloom?—  
The Christian, *a child and an heir of the skies!*



*The Clergyman's Death.*

RALPH HOYT.

HE hath gone to his home—for the eventide  
Is come, and his toils are o'er ;  
He hath gone where his partner and babes abide,  
And he never will leave them more.

He hath gone to his home—for within the fold,  
The flock of his kindly care  
He hath safely closed ; and a stone hath rolled,  
That the wolves may not enter there.

He hath gone to his home—for the nurtured vines  
In clustering fruits abound ;  
He hath tied for the tendrils their guiding lines,  
And the scions are pruned around.

He hath gone to his home, and unloosened the shield  
That he bore on life's battle plain,  
And the mighty sword he was wont to yield  
Is deep in its sheath again.

He hath gone to his home for the race is run,  
And the wreath is around his brow;  
The angels saw when the prize was won,  
And they greet him in heaven now.

---

### Death and the Future.

A. P. PEABODY.

WHEN the beloved die, we delight to think of the graveside of Lazarus, and to listen to the voice which the realms of silence heard, and gave up their dead. But if we thus gladly receive, and would not for worlds abandon, the hope of heaven—if we would shrink with horror from the atheist's icy creed, and would rather never have seen the light than to have it quenched in utter annihilation,—are we not sacredly bound to embrace our Saviour's doctrine of immortality as a whole, its conditions no less than its promises? But the same voice that proclaimed that the dead live forever has also taught, that, "except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The same hand that led Lazarus from the land of shadows back to the home of the living, points to heaven as destined for those alone who cheerfully bear the cross, who lay up treasures above, who do the will of the Father, and love one

another as he has loved us all. On no other condition has the New Testament a word of hope or promise for us; nor has Jesus given the slightest ground for confidence or peace as to the future to those who now are willing aliens from the life of heaven.

There sometimes pass away from us those whose death-chamber seems an Ascension-mount, and we can almost see them go, so sure we are that they go home to God. From them we need no parting words,—nay, we sometimes feel glad that no strongly marked closing scene intervenes to rival the beautiful testimony of a holy life, and to distract our thoughts from their free range over the successive stages of a heavenward pilgrimage. We ask not added proof that they are happy. We desire not that the closing days should wear a different complexion from that of their days of active duty. We prefer witnessing till the last moment the same blending of social and religious traits and affections, which we have seen in them for months and years. Our best prayer for them is, that they may die as they have lived. Should the call come suddenly and unperceived by them, there is nothing wanting, nothing left to be wrought in a hurry and agitation of impending death, no expiring torch to be trimmed, no wedding garment to be sought, and fitted, and hastily thrown on, when the king comes in to see the guests. They waited not to trim their lamps, till the cry arose, —“Behold, he cometh!” Their robes were long since washed white, and made ready for their

Lord's appearing. Our assurance that they have found it gain to die dates back even to early years. It flows from a youth redeemed from vanity and consecrated to the Most High,—from virtues that grew with the growth and strengthened with the strength,—from successive occasions and posts of duty met and filled with unshrinking fidelity,—from years of hallowed effort, example, and sacrifice in every relation of domestic life,—from kindness, sympathy and love extended throughout the larger circle, from the homes of the poor and the hearts of the fatherless,—from a walk with God in a manifestly prayerful and devout spirit,—from a walk with man, to which religion always gave its unction and its glow. Where but in heaven can such a path have ended? Where else can such features of spiritual life have gone?

THE END.

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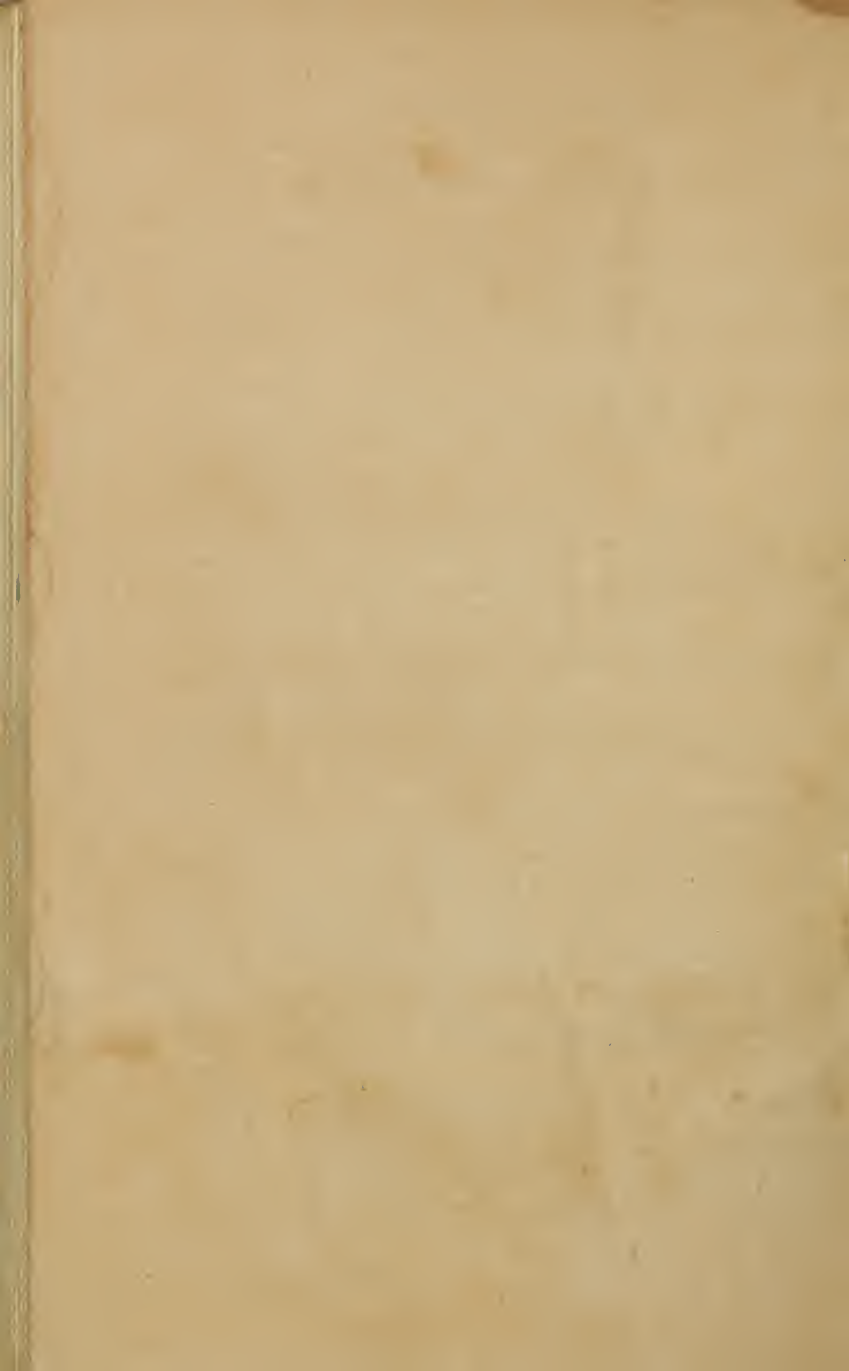
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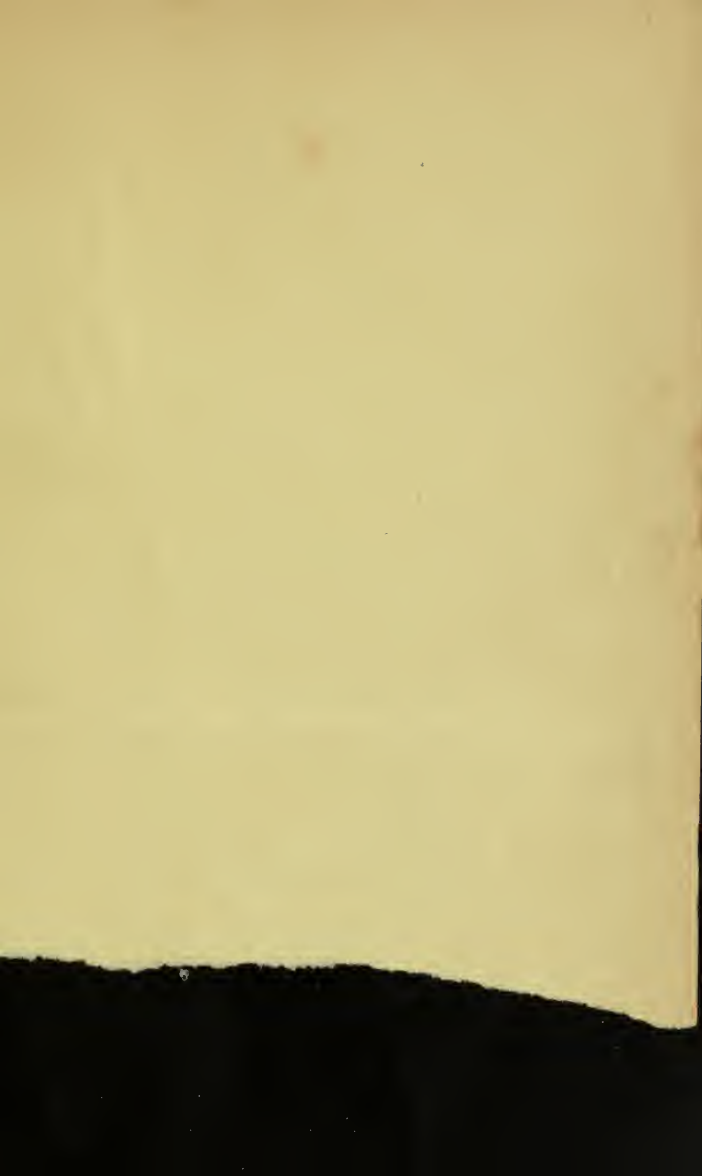
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